The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1898.

The Week.

The most popular editorial article in a Republican organ these days is one on "Apathy." The lesson of the Vermont and Maine elections has been taken to heart, and there is a general admission that at present quite as little interest in the campaign is taken in other States, particularly at the West, as was the case in New England. Political committees everywhere report that the people are not attending political meetings as usual, and in some cases extraordinary devices are employed to get them out. The Republicans of Chicago have chartered a vessel for a free excursion to Milwaukee, the plan being to get a lot of men on board so that they cannot escape, and then make stump-speeches to them. The Republican candidate for Congress in one district of the city has got up another scheme. He proposes to exhibit a lot of pictures of the war, and work in arguments for his own election between the views. In Kansas the Topeka *Capital*, while asserting that the Republican meetings have been more largely attended than the Populist, admits that as a rule the meetings of its own party compare unfavorably with those of either two or four years ago, and there seems to be an opening for a good circus manager to run the campaign in that State.

That public sentiment is now setting against the scheme of an empire in the far East cannot be doubted. The Springfield *Republican* declares that "no candid student of the drift of public opinion in western Massachusetts can escape the conclusion that the people are opposed to any further expansion of the national domain," and that "a majority of the Republicans in this region desire as little of the Philippines as we can escape with, a coaling-station at the most." The *Iowa State Register* has found in that Western State the same condition of public sentiment which exists in New England. Two striking incidents have already shown that opposition to the expansion policy helps rather than hurts a Republican candidate with the voters. Speaker Reed, in face of his opposition to the Hawaiian policy of the McKinley Administration, ran ahead of the Republican State ticket in his district at the election in Maine. Representative Wadsworth of western New York was one of the only two other Republican Congressmen who stood out with the Speaker against Hawaiian annexation. When his vote against his party was announced, the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* threatened him with party vengeance, remarking that "he took the course that seemed to him best, and his constituents should take the course that seems best to them." Mr. Wadsworth's district is composed of the five Republican counties of Genesee, Livingston, Niagara, Orleans, and Wyoming. The Republican convention for this district met a few days ago and gave him a unanimous nomination for another term.

It is encouraging to find one Republican Congressman after another giving expression to his doubts regarding the wisdom of the expansion policy, if not to his conviction that it is dangerous. Representative Henry of the Hartford (Conn.) district, who has just been renominated, took occasion to make his position on this question plain in his speech of acceptance. "Whether," he said, "our future policy is to be what is sometimes styled imperial, leading to world empire, *or if, as I believe preferably, we are to remain conservatively content to be one of the great industrial and commercial Powers of the world*, is for the American people to carefully consider and wisely determine." Representative Walker of the Worcester (Mass.) district has announced that he is stoutly opposed to the expansion policy. The Springfield *Republican* states that Representative Gillett of the district which includes that city is also an opponent of this policy. Reed and Walker and Gillett and Henry are sure to find supporters as public sentiment against the expansion policy is more clearly expressed.

Perhaps the most curious feature of the situation regarding the policy of expansion is the fact that the McKinley Administration is trying to find out what "the will of the people" is from the deliverances of Republican State conventions, while the men who run these conventions try to avoid any expression of opinion on the subject, and leave its settlement to "the wisdom of the President and his constitutional advisers." Even Gov. Pingree of Michigan, who boasts of being as bold as a lion in telling where he stands on every issue, had a platform adopted by the Reublican State convention last week which did not say whether or not we ought to annex the Philippines, but weakly announced that "we leave our future destiny in this regard in the hands of the properly delegated authorities, believing that they will act for the glory and honor of the nation, and the elevation of mankind." But if "the properly delegated authorities" wait for the Pingrees to tell them which way to act for the glory and honor of the nation and the elevation of mankind, and the Pingrees refuse to tell, how shall we ever get anywhere?

It seems that we had a good deal to learn about our new possessions. We used to be told that we needed the Hawaiian Islands, among other reasons because Honolulu would be an ideal place for a military camp, but Gen. Merriam reports that there really is not one decent place in the islands for a camp. One of the arguments for getting Porto Rico was in order to have the fine coaling station we should thus secure, but we are now told that investigation by the Navy Department has shown that none of the harbors of Porto Rico is suitable for such a station, and that the best harbor in those waters is on the island of Culebra, just east of Porto Rico.

The dispatches from Honolulu show how rapidly we are moving on the old and beaten track. The native Hawaiians, it is reported, "have greatly damaged their case with the American Commissioners by presenting petitions asking for the restoration of the monarchy. This action has so thoroughly convinced the Commissioners of the complete lack of political sense and sagacity of the native Hawaiians, that it is believed they will make no recommendation to give the natives the right of suffrage." You see, the rascals are openly telling the American people, in whose power they are, that they would like the restoration of the old government under which they have always lived until it was taken away from them by the American people aforesaid, partly by force and partly by fraud. This growing impudence needs prompt repression, and we are glad to see that the Commissioners are going to punish it as it deserves. What business have the likes of them with the suffrage? The question why they cannot have it when the Southern negroes have it, and when most of the Republicans blathered for nearly forty years over the negro's right to it, we trust our great Washington leaders treat with the contempt it deserves. The negro can always be lynched when he misbehaves, and in extreme cases he can be burnt alive, which at present would be difficult with the Hawaiians. We think, therefore, it is very prudent not to give them the suffrage until we have begun to burn them.

There is a grave danger that the dissatisfaction growing out of the mismanagement of the War Department, the sufferings of the soldiers, and the growing belief that the war itself was

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unnecessary, may cause the Republicans to lose control of the House in the next Congress. This would be a calamity in one sense. The result would be claimed as a victory for the silverites, and, while this would be a false claim, it would tend to paralyze the Republicans in the present House and prevent the passage of any measure for currency reform. The McCleary bill, now pending, commands the approval of substantially all the sound-money forces in the country. It embodies the best parts of Secretary Gage's plan and of the Indianapolis Monetary Commission's plan and of Chairman Walker's bill. It has gained the unanimous support of the Republican members of the banking and currency committee, although some of the members hold themselves at liberty to offer amendments in the House. So great a gain could hardly have been expected one year ago. It would be a great misfortune if this advance should now be lost.

In the event of the Republicans losing the next House, it will still be their duty to pass the McCleary bill now and send it to the Senate. It may be defeated in that body, but the action of the House will be an inspiration which will go far toward carrying future elections. It is well to recall the fact that when the Republicans lost the congressional elections of 1874, after the passage and veto of the inflation bill, they prepared and passed the specie-resumption act at the short session of Congress which followed the elections. They used the few months of power which remained to them to enact a law which brought prosperity to the country and enabled them to carry the country at the elections of 1876. The present case is not quite parallel, since the Opposition now hold the Senate and are able to prevent the passage of any measure of currency reform; but the opportunity will still remain to the Republicans to show their courage and to demonstrate their adhesion to the gold standard, to the maintenance of which they are now so committed that they cannot recede if they would.

The best proof that the silver craze is subsiding comes from the silver-producing States. The Montana Republicans held their convention on Saturday, and adopted the first platform ever put forth by the party in that State which did not endorse the free coinage of silver. Nor was this all: the St. Louis platform of 1896, gold standard and all, was endorsed without a dissenting vote. Last month the Idaho Republicans did the same thing, one of their resolutions reaffirming endorsement of the St. Louis platform, and another declaring that "we heartily endorse the financial policy of the Republican party, as the same has been applied to the management of the financial affairs of the government." Of course, this falls far short of the bold stand taken by the Iowa and Connecticut Republicans in demanding legislation by Congress to establish the gold standard beyond possibility of danger, but it marks quite as much progress in the right direction.

It is not surprising that the plain remarks of Mr. Crane, one of our city magistrates, delivered from the bench last week in regard to the systematic blackmailing of the liquor trade by the police, should have aroused the indignation of Mr. Croker's Chief of Police. What Mr. Crane said will cause no surprise. There was nothing new in it, except the revelation of a more systematic method for collecting blackmail than that which prevailed under former Tammany governments. He says that all liquor-dealers are compelled now to belong to an "association," and to pay the Tammany tax upon their trade through that rather than individually. Liquor-dealers who do not join are watched closely, and the police are upon them the moment they violate the law. If they keep open after legal hours, they are arrested and brought into court. Mr. Crane declares that members of the "association" sell after hours regularly and are never troubled by the police. Chief Devery is so enraged by these assertions of the magistrate that he threatens to lay his conduct before the grand jury. That is an excellent idea. The grand jury is just the place for the Chief to go with the matter. He says he wants "no liquor-dealers in New York to give any one any money for protection," and he thinks the magistrate should have gone to police headquarters and informed him what his police force was doing before he spoke of it from the bench. Not that he believes his men are helping Tammany to collect bribes. He does not believe it for a moment, and thinks it "is a dark day now, when others are trying to use the police properly, to accuse them of taking bribes." If he has his way the magistrate will be indicted. Somebody ought to be, that is clear, for we quite agree with Devery about its being "a dark day now" in police methods.

There are signs that the liquor business is not the only field of governmental activity in which Tammany is proceeding on a system. The fall elections are approaching, and the need of ample revenue is felt all along the line. The sudden influx of legislation against the street and elevated railways, in the Municipal Assembly, implies the formation of some kind of an "association" in that body. Of course, it is all done "in the interest of the people." There are to be public "hearings" at the city hall on the various railway measures, and if the people attend in large numbers (as can easily be arranged), the income from the source in question will probably be considerable. If the press can be induced to take a hand in the agitation, the income will be really handsome. An "association" to which all corporations affected could belong, might open negotiations directly or indirectly with the head of the government, Mr. Croker, and obtain satisfactory results without much difficulty, we doubt not. All that is necessary is frank recognition of the kind of government under which we are living.

The Rev. Dr. Swallow, the "honest-government" candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, continues to make things interesting. He has issued a challenge to the Quay nominee for what are usually called "joint discussions," or "union meetings," as the clergyman styles them, in which he will maintain that the State has lost heavily "from misappropriation of interest, padded pay rolls, unnecessary committee expenses, extravagant appropriations, unlawful salaries, and by stealing under forms of law"; that the fire which destroyed the old capitol was the work of an incendiary; and that in the rebuilding of the capitol there was an unfair system of competitive bidding. He promises during such a debate to establish a dozen propositions, which range all the way from general maladministration of affairs to acts of official dishonesty that should land the culprits in jail, and he charges that at least $3,000,000 interest on State deposits has been stolen during the last twenty years, and $1,000,000 has been paid to different persons who have rendered no adequate service to the State. It is going to be difficult for Quay's man to ignore such a challenge, but of course he dare not accept it. Meanwhile the opponents of the boss seem to be making some headway in defeating his tools for nomination to the Legislature. But Quay is very strong in the rural districts of the State, and it still remains to be seen whether the spirit of revolt against boss rule is strong enough to break his hold.

The Philadelphia *Press*, which is edited by Charles Emory Smith when he is not holding federal office, in an article discussing "How Quay Maintains his Power," remarks that "the power over federal appointments is a strong lever in Senator Quay's hands to promote his purposes," and says that, "should he be retired to private life, his control of federal appointments will end and the power of the machine will be very greatly reduced." But it is not necessary to retire Quay to private life in order to end his control of federal appointments. Not one such appointment against the public interest and in the interest of Quay can be made by Quay without the initiative of the President. The ap-

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pointment of a notorious Quay striker as Consul at Matanzas, Cuba, just before the war broke out, was made by Mr. McKinley, and the appointments of others of his heelers which are announced from week to week are also made by the President. Why does Mr. McKinley put this "strong lever in Senator Quay's hands to promote his purposes"? Has Postmaster-General Smith never told the President the truth about Quay?

The real trouble in the High Joint Commission has evidently begun, and it is hard to see exactly how it is to be settled. Shortly stated, it seems to be this —how can this country yield reciprocity to the Canadians by a treaty, when Congress shuts the door in the face of Canada by law? Put in another way, it would be, how can the anti-Canadian reciprocity lobby be any better defeated at Quebec than at Washington? According to the correspondents: "During the last twenty-four hours the American Commissioners have been besieged by deputations of Americans, praying and demanding that no ironclad treaty be entered into which would disturb, if not in many instances destroy, the present protective tariff laws of the United States." The farmers are imploring, the Home Market Club is imploring, and the accents of the suppliants against letting Canadian barley, eggs, fruits, and vegetables invade the United States, and against reciprocity in general, do not differ from the accents of the representatives of the same body when they were imploring Dingley to shut these dastardly products out. Is there not something rather base about this whole scheme of reopening the very questions which protection settled, within a year of the settlement? But we have, for our part, never understood how any kind of reciprocity was reconcilable with Dingley-McKinley protection, so that all we can do is humbly to wait and see what will happen.

All the other questions which will come before the Commission will be easy of solution compared with this. Even the difficulty about Canadian sealers is not to be compared with it. On this subject the plan proposed seems to be that the Canadian sealing industry should be suppressed and compensation be given to those actually engaged in the business. Probably, under English law, England and Canada together can accomplish this, though it is certainly a very arbitrary interference with the liberty of the subject to say that he shall not pursue a particular kind of game in what has been decided by an international court to be the open sea. But under the new doctrine of *contra bonos mores* you can do pretty much anything you like in the way of legislation. The real difficulty comes not in passing a law against pelagic sealing, but in catching the pelagic sealer. Perhaps, in a year or two, he will be flying the Japanese or the Russian flag, and then what shall we do about him?

Both to practical watchers of the money market and to students of theoretical finance, the recent moves of the Bank of England, culminating in Thursday's advance of its minimum discount rate, will be found interesting. The position of the English money market during the past year or two has been somewhat singular. So far as the merchandise trade-balance figures in a nation's debit or credit fund on foreign account, events have for some time past moved adversely to Great Britain. Even in a perfectly normal trade year, the nation's merchandise imports heavily exceed its exports, the import excess rarely falling below $500,000,000 annually—a sum which measures, of course, the returns from England's investments in foreign industry and the shipping trade. But of recent years, chiefly as a result of unforeseen circumstances or pure accident, this excess of imports has grown immensely. Taking for comparison the calendar years 1890 and 1897, the Board of Trade returns show that within the past seven years annual British imports have increased $152,000,000, while annual exports simultaneously have decreased $170,000,000. This extraordinary change, which has occurred for the most part in the past three years, is explained by two trade phenomena of the period—the sudden invasion of competitive export markets by American producers, and the recent crop failures abroad, which forced Europe to buy unusual quantities of American cereal produce. But, however caused, the result of this double phenomenon was to create a somewhat novel situation for Great Britain in the foreign exchanges. A situation similar in some respects was created after the crop failures of 1879 and 1891; but in those years the so-called adverse trade balance was settled by largely increased sales; first of English manufactures and second of American securities, to the United States. By such offsets the international account was squared again.

The novelty of this year's situation lies in the fact that our merchants are underselling English manufacturers in the home as in the foreign markets, thus barring one trade offset; while the foreign holdings of our stocks and bonds, though still extremely large, have been heavily reduced by the liquidation of the last five years, thus impairing the London market's automatic power in that direction. Much of this situation, obviously, is an accident of nature, which agricultural seasons of a different character will counterbalance. But, meantime, with the equally temporary "squeeze" in the New York money market under the Treasury operations, sterling exchange declines and a heavy import of gold begins.

The French cabinet has decided to reopen the Dreyfus case. Every intelligent observer in other lands has seen, from the day when Lieut.-Col. Henry confessed to the forgery of an important document and cut his own throat, that revision was necessary. It was necessary not only for the internal peace of France, but for her place among the civilized states of the earth. The public opinion of the world had long ago taken up Dreyfus, not necessarily as an innocent man, but as one unjustly condemned, and when Henry committed suicide, this opinion acquired irresistible force and intensity. The time has long passed when a nation can persistently commit a wrong upon one of its subjects and escape the penalty of the world's indignation. The spectacle of the prisoner of Devil's Island undergoing a terrible punishment from day to day—punishment for a crime which all intelligent persons now believe was not proven, but was most probably the result of an infamous conspiracy—such a spectacle was calculated to forfeit the respect of other nations and to impair the ties of friendship and alliance which, like the ties of private friendship, must in the long run be founded upon mutual respect. Now that revision has been decided upon, the new trial must be an open one. Another secret trial would be worse than none at all. Every document and every witness must be subject to inspection and cross-examination by the prisoner's counsel, with the prisoner himself confronting them. It is needless to say that the new trial will eclipse most other subjects of interest while it lasts.

It is difficult to penetrate the darkness that surrounds the imperial throne and dynasty of China. One day we are told that the Emperor has resigned, and that the Empress Dowager is the head of the Government. The next day news comes that the Emperor is dead, and that "the Russians" are carrying on the Government of China in his stead, and that the English fleet is moving to intercept a Russian army which has been promised to sustain the Mantchu dynasty. Notwithstanding these direful and rather conflicting rumors, we do not apprehend any collision between European Powers as a consequence of the dissolving empire of China. We believe that the recent peace proclamation of the Czar was as sincere as it is noble and benignant, and if it is sincere there can be no armed collision in China growing out of any present complications, for England will not go to war without a just cause, whatever the Jingo *Times* and the Jingo Colonial Secretary may say.

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THE "NEW DUTIES" AND "NEW RELATIONS."

We have in our time read many a yard of buncombe and blatherskite, but buncombe and blatherskite used to be simply funny. You read them, you had your roar or your chuckle, as your habit might be, and you flung the stuff into your basket. One of the peculiarities of this day is that buncombe and blatherskite have become wicked and malignant, as well as amusing and silly. They have at last begun, for the first time in their history, to fill the minds of the public with anti-social passions, with envy, hatred, and malice, with the desire to humiliate and injure fellow-men with or without cause, with the desire to seize what does not belong to us in virtue simply of our superior strength. They are being used to turn away a whole American generation from the arts of peace and civilization, to fill their minds with dreams of battle and murder and sudden death, to persuade them that the ideas of national greatness and individual glory through which the American people have risen to unparalleled strength, and have won the respect of mankind, have been all a mistake, and that we should from the start have closely followed the old-world example of strife, extravagance, and folly, of blood and tears and devastation.

There are many excited windbags engaged in this silly business, but we have not come across one who has made his comedy so mischievous as Mr. Griggs, the Attorney-General of the United States. Here is some of his latest stuff, which, properly enough, was delivered at a political convention:

> "These new duties and new relations will add fresh dignity to American citizenship, will raise the sense of official and political obligation as 'they increase responsibility: *They will take the people out of the treadmill rounds of domestic politics, where issues are too often artificial and transient.* New thoughts, new questions, new fields, fresh hopes, broader views, wider influence—all these will come, as well as troubles and disappointments and temporary failures and discouragements, which will but serve to call forth renewed energy and effort until they are finally overcome."

Now this is meant, and is well calculated, to give ignorant and unthinking people the idea that, when we get the Philippines and Cuba, we shall not any more have to occupy ourselves with the questions which now beset us—with the tariff, with the currency, with the negro problem, with political corruption, with bossism, with blackmail by bosses, with the civil service, with transportation, with our system of education, with the effect of elections on our administration. Then who, O amusing Griggs, is going to take charge of these problems and solve them? You are clearly not going to do it, because your mighty mind will, by your own admission, be entirely occupied with the affairs of the Cubans and the Tagals. We presume the same thing will be true of all your fellow-statesmen, those profound thinkers who are occupied just now with the elevation of mankind at Washington. Who, then, after you have become occupied in "expanding," is to look after our domestic interests?

You possibly hold, in fact you intimate, that you and your colleagues are so broad-minded and so many-sided that, after settling these interests, you will have plenty of time to spare for the affairs of the Cubans and the Tagals. Well, now, if our affairs are so insignificant that you and the like of you can easily dispatch them in the tag ends of your time, why have you not dispatched them already? Take the condition of our finances, for instance. That is considered in all other countries, as well as by all intelligent persons in our own, one of great disorder. This condition has lasted now for thirty-five years. If you will look in your Burke, you will find a very fine passage, which you will not dispute, that the very first concern of every civilized nation is its finances; that we may safely judge of the progress which any nation has made in civilization by the condition of its treasury, and the amount of attention its people give to it. Two years ago you and your colleagues at least pretended to be fearfully wrought up about ours. You rent the air with supplications to men of all parties to elect your candidate to the Presidency, and you swore that, if we would only do so, you would put our finances on a sure and lasting foundation.

We believed you and elected your man. What have you done about the finances? Just as we expected to see your great minds buried in schemes of currency, and banking, and taxation, we found you were charging and sabring and bombarding in Cuba. When you last presented yourselves to the people for a renewal of your commission to govern us, did you ask us, or did we give you, the smallest permission to substitute the elevation of mankind in distant parts of the earth for attention to our monetary affairs? You know very well the subject was never mentioned between us at all. We knew nothing about your *vastes pensées* or your *longs espoirs*. We did not dream of your thinking your mission so great. We did not know you as a conqueror. We thought you a plain Jersey lawyer, who was not even equal to the task of taking charge of the American treasury. Who told you that our domestic affairs were so insignificant? Who authorized you to describe the business of the American people as "artificial and transient," and a "treadmill round"? If you thought so, why did you take office? Why did so mighty a mind descend to the humble duties of Attorney-General? Why did you not consider in time the vast expanses of the earth's surface which still sit in darkness awaiting your attention and Alger's and Davis's and McKinley's and Morgan's and Platt's and Murphy's? If our affairs are so petty as you say, who made them so? Is not their apparent pettiness and insignificance wholly due to our unhappy practice of selecting men like you for their management—men who never give one hour's thought to a *question*, men who are occupied solely with the distribution of State and federal offices, men who would consider time spent on any real problem of government time wasted, men whose sole idea of "politics" is the getting or losing of offices by people who have no fitness or experience for them?

And we now ask you the most important question of all, Do you not know perfectly well that offices are the very subjects which will occupy you if we let you have your foreign possessions; that you will never bestow a single thought on the happiness of the people or their interests; that as soon as you have gulled us, you will turn eagerly to see "what there is in this" for you, how many offices you have got to divide, and how you can best make them "go round" and help the party? Moreover, you will practise your little games all the more successfully because you will be so far away that we cannot watch and expose you. And, O Son of Thunder, why should the affairs of the Tagals be more worthy of your mighty mind than those of your own countrymen, except in being more trivial, more barbarous, more technical? Why should they afford higher employment to a great man than those of a people of 70,000,000 "heirs of all the ages, foremost in the files of time"?

MEN FOR THE EXIGENCY.

The advocates of expansion and empire have a very convenient way of disposing of the principal argument against them. That principal argument is that we have neither the machinery of government nor the kind of public servants for any such work, and that neither our political habit nor our political system is likely to produce them. The Executive, under our Constitution, has a constant and powerful temptation pressing on him not to allow any of his subordinates to distinguish himself or become prominent, for the simple reason that all such persons make at once competitors for the Presidential office. This contingency is constantly present to his mind about every prominent man belonging to his own party, and not already in some way pledged to his support. The strongest political habit we have is to acknowledge all distinguished political service, no matter of what nature, by election to the Presidency; and especially any political service that has been unpleasant to foreigners, or, as we say, has "made them stand round." We can never tell the moment when a

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new candidate may start up, when, therefore, the chief executive officer may find one of his most valuable subordinates arrayed in secret or open opposition to him and busily engaged in discrediting him.

We have in what is going on in Washington to-day a very striking illustration of all this. One can easily fancy how little real honest attention the various great men there are giving to the public interests, compared to the task of "downing" Miles or "downing" Alger or exposing Hanna. There is hardly a man in the public service to-day whose position is, for any reason, the least conspicuous, who does not think that "the lightning," as the phrase is, may strike him at the Presidential convention, whether his merit consists in having won a naval battle or several prizes at a golf match. Without meaning to cast any discredit on any one, we may say that there are about a dozen men in the field to-day as rivals of Mr. McKinley for the office of President, without the smallest sense of its being in any way undesirable or unbecoming. Fancy the effect of this, if half these candidates were in the public service at foreign posts and busily engaged in proving that McKinley was a silly old fellow, who did not deserve a second term, through a score of agents and a hundred newspapers in the United States.

Nor is this all. We are distinguished from England, for imperial purposes, by the fact that our chief executive officer, who will have to administer our empire, instead of having a long and secure tenure before him for the trial of policies and for profiting by experience, is obliged, once in every four years, to seek a new lease of power from an immense and ill-informed constituency, which knows nothing about foreign nations or foreign affairs, which is just as likely to elect Bryan as Mr. Gage. Now it is making an absurd demand on human nature to ask him not to use every means in his power to secure success. Whether you ask him or not, he will use them. He will use the patronage as he does now, at home and abroad. He will oblige the bosses and the Senators in every conceivable way in all parts of the world in which we have dominion to exercise or salaries to pay. He will veil his intentions when open declarations are desirable; he will postpone action when prompt action is necessary; he will retain officials in office "under fire" when public morality and national safety demand their prompt expulsion; in short, he will do whatever he thinks necessary to be renominated, no matter what becomes of the "empire."

As we have said, the advocates of empire have an easy way of disposing of all this argumentation. It is known in treatises on formal logic as the *argumentum a spe ineptâ*, which was first brought prominently into notice by its vigorous and successful use by Wilkins Micawber, one of Dickens's best-known characters. The argument as formulated by Micawber was that whatever is disagreeable to you, however likely it may seem according to all human experience, will not happen. For instance, having no means or very little, you give a promissory note for a thousand dollars, with the intention of spending the money in entertainments, without the slightest knowledge how you are going to repay it. Your creditor comes to inquire. Probably from what he has heard about you, he thinks he will put you in "a corner." By the aid of this argument you meet him boldly. He asks you how you are going to pay the bill? You tell him firmly that "something is sure to turn up." Money is sure to come in from some quarter. It has often done so with other men, why should it not do so with you? You ask him if he is satisfied. He says he is not. You then tell him he is always grumbling, and ask what is the matter with him now. He then apologizes for disturbing you and goes away.

Our immense material success, our remoteness from enemies and rivals, and the strong political sense of the people, have made our follies of so little consequence to the popular welfare that this argument has worked itself into the web and warp of our political reasoning. It has now become quite common in political discussion. We have found it succeed so well in dealing with our domestic affairs that we have at last made up our mind to see how it will work in the world outside. Well, is it not time to stop and think a little? This mode of reasoning has long been one of the great jokes of private business. No other civilized nation has used it for a century or two. It has caused some laughter at our expense in the Cuban war, the first attempt we have made to use it in foreign affairs. Would it not be well now to stop and think a little? There is no hurry. How do we like McKinley or Alger as a Moses to lead us into the promised imperial land?

UNFAITHFUL COUNSELLORS.

The outburst of sentimentality which brought on the war and which started the "colonial policy," is receiving very unfortunate stimulation from a portion of the English press. A year ago there was not the least likelihood that anything the English press could or would say, would have the least influence on American opinion, except in a direction contrary to the writer's intention. There has been a great change recently. The English press has become a sympathetic friend, which tells the American public how to think, especially on questions of foreign policy. On these it is supposed to speak with *connaissance de cause*—that is, as an experienced observer to a youthful and anxious inquirer. Accordingly, a considerable number of English writers are stepping forward to tell us how excellent and becoming our colonial policy is, and how easy it will be to carry it out. We need only send ships enough and troops enough to such colonies as we may take a fancy to, and there we are—a great Anglo-Saxon nation ready to fight like Trojans, beside Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury, for the liberties of mankind.

The first thing to do before taking any one's advice is to inform yourself about the competency of the adviser. You have to be sure, before you listen to him, that he knows what he is talking about. It is not enough for him to like what you are going to do; you have to be sure that he knows enough about you to know what is good for you as well as to desire it. He must not only be a friend, but a friend acquainted with your character and circumstances. He must know something about your capacity and, let us add, your weaknesses. He must know the sins that most easily beset you, as well as the achievements of which you are capable. Now, as ill luck would have it, we cannot point to one English admirer of our colonial policy who has any of these qualifications. First and foremost among them is Mr. Chamberlain, who is now on a visit in this country, but is mainly famous in his own as the concocter of schemes which are never carried out, either because they are impracticable or because he himself does not honestly believe in them. When his own countrymen hardly ever take his advice, why on earth should we? Next after him come the *Daily News* and *Spectator*, which are giving forth daily and weekly a large amount of congratulation over our newly displayed propensity to conquer and govern other people and appropriate things which do not belong to us. We cannot honestly say that these journals are not good friends of America. They have often shown us hearty friendship; but this was on occasions when it was not necessary to know us thoroughly or understand our domestic conditions, in order to be able to sympathize with us. They differ in this from Mr. Chamberlain, who probably does not care a brass farthing what becomes of us as long as we help him and Lord Salisbury to get the better of the Continental Powers in the East. The articles of these two papers are being widely copied over here, and are giving much comfort and help to the expansionists.

Now, their advice about expansion has not the slightest value, for the reason we have already given, that nobody's advice about expansion is of any value unless he has a thorough comprehension of the state of things in our own home—that is, knows the evils which threaten us in our domestic politics and something of the weaknesses of our public.

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One of those weaknesses has developed itself in an unusual degree only since last January, and is a weakness which disqualifies a people for governing or holding others in subjection, and that is, liability to violent gusts of passing emotion, during the prevalence of which all who try to reason with them are treated as public enemies. If history teaches any lesson, it is that peoples afflicted in this way are peculiarly unfit for empire. At all events they have never permanently achieved empire. Only two have ever done so in historic times—that is, the English and the Romans, both of them peoples of singular stolidity, and freedom from great ups and downs of feeling. It is this kind of nation which pursues "policies" and builds up empires. We, on the contrary, like the French and the Greeks, are quite capable of entertaining directly opposite opinions on the most important matters, or of dismissing them wholly from our minds, in one week. For instance, all our public men, or nearly all, taught us for thirty years that it was good policy to hate England. That it was bad policy was as plain ten years ago as it is now, but we changed it only about the 10th of last May, and then we changed it in a few days. Now you may, like the Greeks or the French, have many of the qualities which go to make up a great nation, but if you have not steadiness of purpose, and do not employ your best men in public business, all talk of empire is the talk of boys, or the talk of Athenians before the siege of Syracuse.

So, also, we may well ask, What do these foreign advisers know about our domestic politics? Do they know, or do they not know, the enormous proportion of our population which is as yet unassimilated, almost incapable of that close community of thought and purpose about life and death and judgment, about war and peace, about country and religion, which has animated all successful conquering nations? Do they know that it will probably take another century of all the good influences we can put in motion to weld this enormous mass into a moral whole, thinking and feeling alike about the great human interests, and with higher and nobler notions about nationality than that it is something to wave a flag about, or to kill somebody for? How many of these counsellors have read John Wanamaker's speeches last spring about the condition of politics and government in one of the largest States in the Union? How many of them know anything about the condition of politics and government in this State of New York? What do they think of the war which they approve of so highly resulting in its one land hero, after his return from the field, placing his sword and his glory, so to speak, at the service of one of the most notorious corruptionists in the State, whom almost any intelligent man, asked to point out the worst enemy of American government, would unhesitatingly choose as, at least, one of the greatest impediments to the realization of any dream of real American greatness?

THAT OLD "GAG."

The defeat of the silverites last week in the Connecticut Democratic convention foreshadows the already publicly announced programme of the Democrats in this State—the burial of the silver issue as soon as their convention meets. Such events will have the effect of awakening the public to the absurdity of the old cry that Platt, Quay & Company—in other words, the rascals who have got hold of the nominating machinery of the Republican party—must be kept in power in order to save the country from "free silver." Of course, in particular congressional districts all over the country, the Republican candidate may be a known "gold" man, as his opponent may be a known "silver" man; but that on this account it is necessary to vote the straight Republican ticket for State officers for the remainder of your life in communities like New England, New York, and Pennsylvania in order to stamp out Bryanism, is a little too much even for those who were led to give McKinley his plurality of 268,000 in New York in 1896. Whether it is true or not that "silver is a dead issue," you cannot get people to vote on it in an off-year, when it is actually eliminated from the contest by the party hitherto dominated by the silver interest. When in such States as Connecticut and New York the Democrats suppress it, what they mean is that a Democrat elected on their platform may do what he thinks best about silver, and in these States there is no real silver sentiment, so that the moment the machine tyranny ceases there is no more probability of their becoming silver States in Democratic than in Republican hands.

When we reflect on what has happened since 1896, we cannot help feeling that Platt, Quay & Company have enjoyed the benefit of this argument about gold and silver long enough. Under its influence they succeeded in inducing the bone and sinew of the country, the independent voters, the Gold Democrats, the clergy, the "old soldiers," and all to put into the Presidential chair a man who had for twenty years been a silver man, and who declined throughout the campaign to say that he had changed his views. To back him up, we worked tooth and nail to get everybody to keep quiet about Platt and Quay and Boss government, and declared that Bryanism was worse than corruption or blackmail or maladministration. At the end of two years what have we got by it? A little more silver let into the currency, an outrageous tariff, and a tremendously expensive war, which makes currency reform more difficult than ever, and good Mr. Gage as Secretary of the Treasury to help on the glorious work. And now, after two years of this sort, the bosses assure us that unless they milk the corporations and fill the offices for two years more, there is the gravest danger that Bryan may carry the country in 1900. This will not do any longer. It is recognized as a "gag."

To every one who values manliness and independence in politics the exposure of this humbug must be gratifying. In fact, it is difficult to imagine anything more debasing to a community than that it should get into the way of feeling that it was necessary to keep up a reign of knavery in order to avert a reign of folly. You cannot sustain corrupt rogues in power without making corruption the road to power, and we all know that unless we can make honesty and fitness the road, free government here cannot last. This is the reason why such an experiment as keeping the present Republican "leaders" in, in order to keep Bryan out, is fraught with such danger. It corrupts everybody who takes part in an election, and prepares him for more corruption. This is what Napoleon III. did in France for twenty years, and his régime ended in the ruin of the country at Sedan. For twenty years the arguments of the supporters of Napoleon were almost exactly those of the men who surround McKinley: you must support him; otherwise, there was no safety for property. With us the only refuge from corrupt rulers is putting them out of office, and we cannot put the Republicans out of office except by the aid of the Democrats. If we kept repeating the free-silver "gag" every twelvemonth, we should keep the Republicans in office for ever, without the slightest guarantee that the Republican régime would not end in free silver after all.

Nobody can afford to vote for notoriously unfit men, as a steady thing, to save his pocket. The man who does it becomes base and cowardly, just as the blackmailed wretch does who pays the bosses to do the dirty work of nominating and "keeping" them. And besides this, you will not save your pocket. The rascals will cheat you after all. The only conceivable way to punish the crimes of the Republican party is to vote for better men, and whether these call themselves Independents or Democrats matters very little. A puppet of Croker's is no better than a puppet of Platt's; but when we come to elect a Governor and Legislature, there is one thing that we cannot afford any longer to do—to vote against an honest, upright man for annexation of the Philippines and a further lease of power to Platt, in order to strengthen the hands of currency-reformers who laugh at us. Those who do this are very much like the old

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"doughfaces" before the war, who voted for thirty years to "save the Union," and in order to do it kept in power the very people who were bringing on the destruction of the Union. They were all good men, but they would persist in doing evil that good might come. The security of property was their god also.

THE PREDICTED WHEAT FAMINE

Thirty-three years ago, in April, 1865, Prof. W. Stanley Jevons published a remarkable pamphlet entitled 'The Coal Question: An Enquiry Concerning the Progress of the [British] Nation and the Probable Exhaustion of Our Coal Mines.' After a thoroughly scientific examination into the ratio of increase in England's coal production and consumption, and into the capacity of the mines for future production, Prof. Jevons reached the positive conclusion that increasing consumption at the same rate, for rather more than a century, would raise "the average price of coal much higher than that now paid [1865] for the finest kinds of coal." Therefore, he warned the English manufacturing public, "we cannot long continue our present rate of progress."

The prediction created something like a popular sensation; it was quoted by Mr. Gladstone and others in parliamentary arguments on the national finances, and it gave rise to a vast deal of controversy and suggestion. But one-third of Prof. Jevons's century has now elapsed, and nothing has occurred to emphasize his warning. His pamphlet did, in fact, explicitly predict for the year 1891, three decades after the year on which he based his ascertained figures, a British coal consumption of 234,700,000 tons. But when 1891 had passed, the trade learned, as the Government's "Statistical Abstract" informs us, that only 185,479,000 tons had been produced in Great Britain during the twelve months, this being also the maximum of the century to date. Moreover, there were 31,000,000 tons exported in 1891 out of this total product; so that Prof. Jevons's estimate of consumption of that year turned out to be excessive by not less than 50 per cent. Nor has the price moved up in accordance with the prophecy; Mr. Sauerbeck's tables of commodity prices show the average domestic price of British coal in 1891 to have been less by 5 per cent. than it was in 1865. If a "coal famine" is approaching in England, none of the usual signs is yet visible.

We recall this incident, now almost forgotten, as a rather interesting sidelight on Sir William Crookes's recent prediction of a coming "world-famine" in wheat. Briefly summed up, Sir William's contention, in his address of three weeks ago before the British Association, is that the bread-eating population of the world is increasing in a geometrical ratio, while the world's annual wheat product is not increasing at a similar rate, and while, moreover, the world's capacity for growing wheat is approaching a limit. He estimates that in the early seventies the bread-eating contingent of the race increased at the average rate of 4,300,000 individuals per annum, whereas in the eighties the annual increase exceeded six millions, and is presumptively greater now.

The world's capacity for wheat production, with the present acreage, he reckons at 2,070,000,000 bushels. Thirty years hence, he argues, the growing population of bread-consumers will need 3,260,000,000 bushels annually, and for this he believes that the zones adapted to wheat-culture will be unable to provide the requisite acreage. In his opinion, another generation will have created a home population in the United States sufficient to consume all the possible wheat product of the country. Russia, on the basis of a normal average home consumption, will be in a similar position. The capacity of Canada and Australia he believes to be over-estimated; so with South America; while the Danubian states can even now do little more than provide for home requirements. A higher price for wheat might encourage more scientific cultivation, and increase the average yield per acre from 12.7 bushels to 20 bushels; but this precaution would only delay and not avert the crisis. Famine would probably confront the world, under existing conditions, as early as 1931.

There are several ways of approaching such a subject, and it may be best to notice, first, that Sir William Crookes's statement of facts and statistical probabilities has been promptly challenged by the commercial experts. Dornbusch's London organ of the grain trade contests the theory that Australian production has reached a maximum, and affirms that fifty million acres of suitable soil is to-day uncultivated in Queensland alone. Our own Department of Agriculture estimates a 10 per cent. increase this year in the acreage of the United States, with at least 150,000,000 bushels increase in the output. The English trade experts unanimously reject Sir William's view of the productive limitations of Canada and Rumania, and lay much stress on Russia's possibilities under scientific farming. Finally, the very obvious point is made that estimates of the world's population, and of its ratio of increase, are largely matters of guesswork, especially when the attempt is made to discriminate between bread-eaters and non-bread-eaters.

The truth is that there is no sure way of forecasting either the immediate or the remote future in this matter of food supplies, except by the tangible arguments of present annual production, existing reserves at the end of crop seasons, and the course of prices. The failure of the crops last year in half-a-dozen foreign countries had the natural result of starting such pessimistic prophecy as Sir William Crookes's, simply because available supplies in storehouse did decrease heavily, while the price of wheat was rapidly advanced. The so-called "world's visible supply" was, in fact, reckoned at the close of August sixteen million bushels less than at the same date in 1897, and fifty-six million less than in 1896. But a season so extraordinarily bad as last year's, while it may possibly show the use of larger average reserves and larger average productions, proves nothing as to a future permanent shortage. Against the present estimated "world's supply" of 45,500,000 bushels, the two abundant harvests of 1893 and 1894 left at the same date four years ago no less a visible supply than 205,000,000 bushels, which was wholly excessive. As this year has already shown, such an abnormal crop deficiency as that of 1897, with the consequent abnormal prices, brings into cultivation new wheat acreage throughout the world. If the grain trade, which is familiar at least with reasonable expectations for the nearer future, believed the present average rate of increase in production to be inadequate, their ideas have found curious reflection in the market for wheat deliverable to the buyer in future months. Such prices are 15 to 20 cents per bushel below what they were a year ago. As everybody knows, and as Sir William Crookes himself admits, a permanent advance in price would bring into cultivation, not only new grain area, but districts long abandoned (as in England and in our own East), because at ruling prices they cannot compete with the fertile lands opened up to culture in the past generation.

We believe, in short, that the world's food-supply will take care of itself much longer than the period which Sir William Crookes allows it. We are very sure that a year or two of "bumper" crops and easy prices will detract very greatly even from curious interest in his prophecy, as it has done in the case of Prof. Jevons's pamphlet. In fact, we are not sure that 1900 or 1902 may not witness another appeal to farmers to reduce their acreage and check the "overproduction." Of course, when the scientist turns his gaze down a continuous series of future centuries, he can demonstrate the probability that all the possible wheat-fields will be strained to their utmost capacity; just as we may assume, without any demonstration, that at some future day, more or less remote, England's coal-fields will be exhausted. But we feel ourselves bound to warn the scientists against fixing a date for the coming crisis. Mr. Malthus, wiser than Prof. Jevons or Sir William Crookes, confined himself to generalities, which are safe, because no matter how long the world has to wait to realize the predic-

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tion, it may still be assured by the philosophers that trouble cannot be ultimately averted.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF HISTORY.

THE HAGUE, September 3, 1898.

"The sun of Orange" is the Dutch equivalent for "Queen's weather," and on the first day of Wilhelmina's exclusive reign the excessively plain Binnen Hof was gilded with sunlight. This added to the pleasure of the delegates from many lands who met in the First Chamber of the States-General at nine A. M., September 1, 1898, to inaugurate the International Congress of History, which is to reconvene at Paris in 1900. It is thoroughly characteristic of the Dutch to unite with popular celebrations of an august event some intellectual monument. After the fireworks and tableaux of the coronation—the national honeymoon—this Congress of History will, in all probability, remain as a permanent institution. Appropriately meeting in a country famous for its past gatherings of European diplomatists to settle terms of peace after war, and to reconstruct the boundaries of nations, the choice was a happy one also of the chamber for the sessions. Between the swan-dotted Viver Pond and the Binnen Hof, during three centuries, the representatives of a people who found both food and power on the sea have met to deliberate and act. In the union of the Orient and the Occident the Dutch were the first leaders. They are working now for the unity of history.

About one hundred delegates met in the Dutch Senate-hall, with its ceiling blossoming with gold and color and finest art, and its floor furniture of seats covered with plain green baize. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, De Beaufort, presided at the opening, and delivered an address of welcome, though the real founder of the congress, M. de Maulde de la Clavière, Secretary of the Society of Diplomatic History, occupied the chair during most of the morning. There were no fewer than six Japanese present, one of whom, Prof. Takahashi, who reads a paper giving a short history of the diplomatic side of the war of 1894-'95, was present as legal adviser to Admiral Ito during the battle, blockade, and cruising of the naval campaign. The Japanese Government, highly appreciating such international conferences, sent Mr. Yamada as delegate to report. On the contrary, the Chinese, though they are officially present in The Hague to witness the coronation in Amsterdam, "glared by their absence."

Of Americans perhaps a dozen are in attendance. The American Historical Association, the Holland Society, the Southern Historical Society early responded to the invitation. The Hon. Wm. Wirt Henry, Mr. J. G. Whiteley, Prof. Lucy M. Salmon, and Dr. Wm. Elliot Griffis, Gen. Egbert L. Viele and Judge C. H. Truax, Profs. Haskins and Henry Alexander White, and United States Consul Listoe are here. The presence of the American and other ladies, with a dash of color and specialty of costume, among the clerical teachers of history and diplomacy add agreeable variety to a company representing perhaps twenty nations, yet alike in the monotonous cut and hue of the modern man's garb.

In his opening address of warm welcome, the Queen's minister, De Beaufort, dwelt upon the local associations of what was once "the finest village in Europe," but which now, with 192,000 souls, is metropolitan, if not cosmopolitan, in tastes and interests. He paid handsome and sincere tributes of praise to Motley for picturing the past, and to "een Amerikaansch publicist Godkin" and his "zeer goed geschreven boek," in which the unforeseen tendencies and the possible future of democracy are discussed. He intimated that a true knowledge of history is the best regulator of democratic society. One familiar with contemporaneous Dutch politics and parties is tempted to "read between the lines." In the Netherlands the strong and constant tendency to democratic forms is not dangerous because the democratic spirit is so real, so deep, so old. The monarch rules, the people govern.

After this admirable address, the acceptances of the various governments (unofficial) and societies were read. The delegates were called upon to respond, the compliment being paid to the United States of being invited first. Mr. Gustavus Whiteley of Baltimore, having already placed upon the table the creditable array of our official publications of diplomatic literature—treaties, correspondence, and consular reports—spoke in French with wit and grace, bearing the personal felicitations of President McKinley. Mr. Simson of St. Petersburg for Russia, Prof. Erdmannsdörffer for Germany and Austria, and others for their various countries followed, showing what had been done under governmental and associational auspices for the preservation and publication of historical documents. The announcement of sections, into which the working congress is divided, with the names of the chairmen and time of sessions, followed. Besides the general and subordinate sessions, the functions include an excursion to Amsterdam, another to Rotterdam and Dordrecht, a reception at the house of the Minister of Foreign Affairs on Friday evening, and a banquet at the conclution of the congress in the Hôtel des Indes.

Naturally, your correspondent has taken greater interest in the fourth section, in which the Oriental themes are uppermost. Roughly speaking, the subjects discussed in section i. treat of the diplomatic history of Western Europe; those in section ii. of Eastern Europe and the Ottoman Empire; section iii. of diplomacy proper—concordats, protocols, monuments, etc.; section iv. of the Indies, China, and Japan. Two men, typical in their personal appearance of their respective countries, Germany and England, preside over the first section. They are Dr. Erdmannsdörffer of Heidelberg and Oscar Browning of Cambridge. In the sixteen papers read, summarized, or nominated by title and to be incorporated in the volume of proceedings, I can name but a few, translating most of their titles into English: The Opposition against Charles V. (Meinardus); Mirabeau and Mauvillon (Erdmannsdörffer); Greek, Norman and Crusader (Sternfeld); Social History of Germany (Von Below); several papers on the commercial relations of Holland; various tractates upon the phases of the long struggle between political Catholicism and state-church Protestantism. Evidences of recent research were shown in the papers of M. Casati, concerning the diplomacy of the French Directory, and of M. de la Tourrasse on the negotiations between the Duke of Anjou and William of Orange. Dr. Slothouwer of Rotterdam (brother of the eminent scholar, now deceased, who so greatly aided the late Douglas Campbell, in furnishing data for the 'Puritan in Holland, England, and America'), read an able paper on "An Effort to form a Fürstenbund in 1728."

In section ii. the theme of Aristarchi Bey was "Les Protégés en Turquie." Count Laforge de Vitanval, who has just finished his complete history of Marshal MacMahon, in three sumptuous volumes, treated of the Marshal's relation to the Franco-Russian alliance. The old Eastern Question (now so overshadowed by the question of the hour still further East, but much nearer our West) was handled in seven papers by Russians or delegates from the states in the Balkan peninsula. The heritage of Peter the Great, the first Russian students in the West, Czar Peter and Madagascar, and (almost as a matter of course and of compliment) the great Muscovite in the Netherlands, the question of the Ionian Islands from 1799 to 1815, and Prince Obrenovitch's ideas upon Balkan confederation, were among the themes discussed by earnest specialists.

The work of the third section in eight papers may be summarized under the head of descriptive diplomacy, and will be valuable to the student of the forms as well as the spirit and facts of history as influenced by courts and envoys. In this, abbés, clerical gentlemen, and learned men from Rome were in the majority. In section iv., presided over by Citizen Whiteley of Baltimore, and served in the secretarial chair by Prince Galitzin of Moscow, all the papers, except one (by Prof. Syveton of Rheims, on "India in the Eighteenth Century and the Chevalier de la Merveille") were on Japan. Prof. Henri Cordier, the veteran Chinese scholar, presented three inedited documents of interest, showing early Dutch enterprise in the Far East. Consul-General Halot enlarged on the beginning of the Chino-Japanese war of 1894-'95; Prof. Takahashi showed the applications of international law during the same period, and Mr. Terao made a survey of Japan's relations with Europe from ancient times to the middle of the nineteenth century.

In short, except a pardonable frequency of complimentary reference to Dutch matters, the congress was worthy of its name. The spirit throughout has been admirable, and happy results may reasonably be expected from this concourse of scholars, historians, and men familiar with the written sources of history. Most admirable was the paper read by Mr. Frederick Harrison of London, the famous disciple of August Comte, and author of admirable monographs on Cromwell and William of Orange. He showed how grandly the work is proceeding in Great Britain for the presentation, in a form accessible to scholars, of the relations of England with Continental nations during a thousand years. Another project, for the formation of an international library of history and diplomacy, can only be alluded to here. Suffice it to say that all signs discernible point to the perpetuation of the congress thus auspiciously begun, and to results which must benefit civilization and the race at large.

W. E. G.

THE UNIVERSITY OF FRIBOURG IN SWITZERLAND.

FRIBOURG, September, 1898.

The tourist in Switzerland can hardly have

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failed to observe how very conspicuous a place has been given this summer in the book-shop windows to certain pamphlets about the new university at Fribourg. If he has read the newspapers, he will also have come across occasional obscure intimations as to what the German universities are going to do to mark their sense of Fribourg enormities. The matter is worth looking into.

In 1889 the Great Council of the Canton of Fribourg voted to establish a university. To this resolution, doubtless, diverse motives contributed, foremost among them cantonal pride. But religious zeal also played a large part. All the other universities of Switzerland—Basel, Bern, Zürich, Geneva, Lausanne—are in Protestant cantons; and we cannot be surprised that the people of Fribourg, one of the chief strongholds in Switzerland of Roman Catholic faith, should be unwilling to subject their sons to what they naturally regard as dangerous influences. The faculties of theology, besides, at all these universities are either Protestant or Old Catholic; and Roman Catholic Switzerland has for some time been obliged to content itself, for the education of its theologians, with ill-equipped Episcopal seminaries. Fribourg saw its chance to become the intellectual centre of Roman Catholic Switzerland. For a little state, with a population of but 120,000, to undertake to have a university of its own was, indeed, a bold thing—perhaps an unwise thing; nevertheless, the Government set to work. An initial capital of two and a half-million francs was provided by the conversion of the existing public debt; the cantonal law-school was enlarged, and made into a faculty of jurisprudence; some nineteen scholars were invited from other parts of Switzerland, from France, and, above all, from Germany, to form a faculty of philosophy; and in November, 1889, the University was opened. Next year the cantonal Government made an arrangement with the General of the Dominican Order, in accordance with which some eight or nine members of that order were sent to Fribourg to form a theological faculty, and were received as colleagues by the professors of the other faculties. Finally, in 1896, a faculty of natural science, composed, like that of philosophy, of scholars drawn from Germany and other countries, was called into existence; supported partly from the profits of the state bank, partly from those of the state electric works. Thus in seven years a teaching force of some sixty persons has been brought together, while the concourse of students was steadily increasing. From 30 in 1889-'90, the number had grown in 1897 to 301—127 from Switzerland, 112 from the German Empire, 24 from Bulgaria, 10 from Russia, and 28 from other countries. The canton is bilingual—almost equally divided between a French-speaking and a German-speaking population — and not only have some of the lectures in the University been given in French and some in German, but the Dominican fathers have given their instruction in Latin. The cantonal Government might fairly congratulate itself on its success; it has created, it would seem, an institution well suited to the peculiar conditions of the canton, and it has given it a certain cosmopolitan character which attracts students from far beyond the cantonal boundaries.

Unfortunately, however, the internal history of the University has been by no means so encouraging. The relations of the members of the professorial body to one another and still more to the Director of Public Instruction, representing the Fribourg Government, have been marked almost from the first by a long series of misunderstandings and contentions, growing more and more acute until they have culminated in the present crisis. In December of last year eight of the professors, all of them "Reichsdeutschen," *i. e.*, subjects of the German Emperor, resigned in a body; the educational journals of their fatherland have for the last few months been filled with their grievances; and the *Denkschrift* (Munich: Academischer Verlag), in which they have set forth their version of the circumstances, has reached its second edition.

When we come to read the *Denkschrift* we find, if we may trust its narrative of events, that the University of Fribourg has been a sort of cockpit in which has been fought out anew almost every one of the battles that have engaged the attention of the academic world from the early days of the University of Paris to the most recent State foundation in the American West. The interest of the pamphlet is not diminished by its authors' ignorance of this—so to speak—microcosmic significance of their experience. The Director of Public Instruction, with the best intentions in the world, authorizing promises to win professors which he is afterwards unable to perform, and so little acquainted with the best university traditions that he is continually rubbing the teaching body the wrong way by apparent or real interference with academic autonomy—how familiar a modern figure he is. The suspicion, whether well or ill-founded, which the lay professors of Fribourg, all good Roman Catholics, be it observed, felt towards their Dominican colleagues—how it reminds us of many a long struggle in the mediæval universities against the pretensions of the religious orders. Just below the surface we seem to discern the everlasting difficulty how to harmonize the claims of ecclesiastical authority with those of scientific independence. And, finally, the racial antagonisms within the professorial body which even the neutral atmosphere of Switzerland could not dissipate, sound like faint echoes from the halls of the University of Prague, whether in Huss's time or our own.

The reader is so likely to have his mind made up on the several issues apparently involved that he is pretty sure to be carried away by the *Denkschrift*, and to take its authors at their own valuation, as deserving champions of the cause of science and academic independence. But it is fair to add that the *Antwort* (Fribourg: Universitätsbuchhandlung, Veith) prepared by the Government, puts a good many of the circumstances in a somewhat different light. "Six of one and half a dozen of the other" is a dull verdict, perhaps; and unless one could call for further evidence and cross-examine the witnesses, one would hardly be justified even in saying so much as that. But we cannot but suspect that the band of young German scholars, most of them with little previous experience, who had been brought into the sleepy little Swiss town, scarcely suffered from an insufficient sense of their own importance. We may even conjecture that, in their dealings alike with the Dominicans and with their French colleagues, their conduct was not unfailingly characterized by modesty or consideration for others.

It would be wearisome to enter into the details of the controversy. A couple of incidents may be worth citing as examples of *gravamina*. The story of each is, at any rate, full of human nature; and the adequacy of the governmental explanation may be left as a problem for the reader.

The first is of a certain student who prepared for his doctoral thesis a history of education in the Canton. He took occasion, it appears, to narrate *inter alia* the scandalous ecclesiastical conditions which once prevailed in the Canton. The Dominicans got wind of this, and, according to their critics, sought to have the dissertation modified, just out of a stupid desire to cover up clerical ill-doing, no matter in what period, at any cost to scientific freedom. To this the Government replies that the publication of these scandals was likely seriously to annoy certain wealthy ecclesiastical corporations and certain wealthy families, still existing in Fribourg; that these had it in their power greatly to help or injure the young University; and that the dissertation might have been just as valuable a contribution to scientific history if it had shown a little more "tact."

The second incident illustrates the national antagonisms which, according to the same critics, the Director actually fomented. An association of German students in Fribourg held a *Commers* on the Emperor of Germany's birthday. One of the German professors proposed the toast of the Emperor, and this was so ill received by a French lecturer present that he actually threw his glass under the table! The Director replies that the speech of the German professor proposing the toast dwelt so complacently on the superiority of the Germans to all the world as to be inevitably offensive to the non-Germans present. The French lecturer in question was polite enough to rise at the toast, but he was so excited that when he sat down he *accidentally* spilled his glass over the table-cloth and over the trousers of his neighbor! "The great conspiracy of the French thus reduces itself to a tactless speech, a nervous listener, and a bespattered pair of trousers." All this is solemnly set forth, together with the elaborate letter of apology and self-exculpation which the nervous Frenchman sent to his dean on the occasion. A pair of trousers has never, perhaps, symbolized so much international antipathy—unless when Mr. Balfour confiscated the garments of Mr. William O'Brien.

The places of the outgoing professors have been filled, and the work of the University will proceed. It is to be hoped that the cantonal authorities have received a lesson to go rather more slowly in the future; to take more care what promises their representatives make to the new comers; and to make up their minds just what sort of place they want their university to be. There are several ideals of a university, all good from a particular point of view, but not all compatible with one another. Let us add that when the authorities of the German universities have had time to digest the Director's *Antwort*, they will probably not be in quite so great a hurry to boycott little Fribourg as the outgoing professors may have expected. W. J. A.

ARARAT.

TIFLIS, August 22, 1898.

A round trip from here to the southward,

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even if the traveller confines himself to Russian territory, is well worth making for more reasons than one. To be sure, there are certain things to be put up with. The scenery is, in the main, uninteresting, in spite of some fine districts, as the mountains are bare and few of them have perpetual snow; nor is this disadvantage made up for by particularly striking outlines. Even in the valleys or plains, where there are not wheat-fields the vegetation is often sparse or non-existent; the heat is at times great, and the comfort is usually, to put it mildly, primitive. These drawbacks will be diminished when the new railway from Tiflis to Kars is in working order, as it ought to be within a year, and the proposed branch has been made from Alexandropol to Erivan. When these are completed, one will no longer have to spend so many hot, weary hours in springless *perekladnayas* or at stations waiting for fresh horses. It will then be easier to see what is really worth seeing without much unnecessary trouble and expense.

Of the "sights" of this region, some are interesting historically, others for their natural attractions. The fortress of Kars is both, looming up, as it does, from the plain, when one approaches it from the north, the great key to the region, hardly less impressive than Gibraltar itself. Gazing on it, one wonders how the Russians, now at last the permanent masters, could have captured it three times in this century, with or without the aid of corruption among the defenders. Any one who cares about the early history and former glories, as well as the present fortunes, of the Armenian people would do well to make an expedition to the ruins of Ani, for centuries the capital of the state that first formally adopted Christianity—ruins which are in a better state of preservation than one is prepared for, though they are fast going to pieces, thanks to vandalism and neglect. Then there is Etchmiadsin, a celebrated monastery a thousand years old, still the residence of the *Catholicos*, or highest dignitary of the Armenian Church. The library has many manuscripts of great value, and the school or academy is an important centre of national reawakening. Of less consequence, but also deserving a visit, is the equally ancient monastery of Sevanga, on a little island a mile from the shore in the lake of Goktcha. For a Mohammedan centre one can turn, a few miles from Etchmiadsin, to Erivan, which is still in many ways a Persian city, showing numerous traces of its former rulers. The real glory, however, of this whole part of the country is Mount Ararat.

In history and in legend, since the flood, Ararat has been one of the most famous mountains in the world, of which the ancients believed it to be the centre. Its reputation for inaccessibility rather surprises one, for it does not—at least seen from the northern side—look as sharp as the Matterhorn, or, though it is in reality, as lofty as Mont Blanc, perhaps because of the much greater height of the snow-line in summer. The finest view I obtained of it was from the road above Erivan. Immediately at one's feet lies the city, with all its Oriental picturesqueness of mud houses peeping out of masses of rich gardens; beyond it stretches some thirty miles of plain, broken up by patches of trees, and from this foreground the huge mountain towers up in the air, a great, dark cone tipped with the whitest snow. On one side it is connected with a low, bleak range; on the other, or rather part of Ararat itself, is Little Ararat, dwarfed by its brother, and free from snow in midsummer, yet a sharp, stately cone, rising to nearly thirteen thousand feet above the sea-level. In the saddle between the two, at a camp called Sadar Bulakh, about three hundred soldiers are stationed during the summer to escape the heat of the land below and to keep in some sort of order the bands of wandering Kurds.

Ararat has been climbed a good many times in this century, notably by Mr. Bryce, who has given an excellent account of his trip; later by several foreigners (among others by two American bicyclists, Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben), and by a number of Russians. And yet, with officers and soldiers on its slopes for months every year, the only person I could find who had made the ascent was an Armenian guide, who declared he had been up fifteen times, but had been able to reach the top only three. At a distance, people spoke of such an enterprise as very foolhardy and dangerous; nearer to, they took a more sensible view, though some were dubious, and all pointed out how much depended on luck, for even in the finest weather in August (the best month for an attempt) the summit is almost always clouded over just before noon till near evening, and the morning itself is uncertain enough. However, Russian hospitality to the roving stranger, especially if provided with a letter with a good official signature, produced in my case the greatest readiness to give assistance. The colonel in command of the post offered a guard, and called for volunteers, with the result that when I started out on the morning of August 17, besides the Armenian guide and four Kurds, to carry wood, blankets, provisions, etc., I found myself wth an escort of five Cossacks (on foot), soon reinforced by nine infantrymen. At any rate, it saved one from the bother of carrying a revolver.

We proceeded slowly enough, with very frequent rests, the delay coming from the guide, who early became exhausted and complained of age and illness. At about half-past four we reached a spot where there was a general desire to camp. The Kurds naturally wanted to stop as soon as possible, the soldiers thought it would be cold higher up, and the guide was tired out. On the other hand, it seemed absurd to halt when there was still so much daylight, and when it was desirable to get well ahead for the morrow. As a means of cutting short discussion, I started on, followed with more or less willingness by the rest of the troop; and though we did not go much further, even a little was a decided gain. The place where we did camp was respectably smooth, and the night, owing to the fortunate absence of wind, was not as cold as we had supposed it would be. The party, therefore, slept well; only the guide tossed and tumbled about, groaning with fever, and keeping me, his next neighbor, uncomfortably awake. Luckily I had quinine with me, and, after filling him up with it, told him next day to remain behind with the Kurds and with one soldier, also fever-stricken.

We did not get away until 5 A. M., but then moved steadily and fast, keeping on the ledge of rocks that borders the snow, and stopping with increasing frequency only from fatigue and want of breath. To a veteran Alpine climber it might perhaps have been child's play; there was nothing perilous, nothing really difficult about it; it was only a persistent scramble upwards. To a tourist of sedentary habits it was, at least, exhausting, as the way was very steep, and the rarefied air made one lose one's breath easily, besides causing headache. Spiked shoes, and a good alpenstock, instead of a birch stick with a sharpened end, would have been a considerable help. On we pushed, every man for himself, wasting our strength in amateur fashion, but making such continuous progress that, in just about four hours and a half, the first three of us, not many minutes apart, reached the summit, which consists of two cones one a few feet higher than the other, and by ten o'clock all fourteen were assembled on the top of the snow.

There are two ways in which one can take the view that spread below us, for we were fortunate in our weather, and had time enough to get a good look before a cloud closed in on us. One can survey the empires of Russia with its great present and future, Turkey and Persia with their great pasts; one can repeat that the thin stream beneath is the ancient Araxes, one can think of the exploits of famous conquerors, the cradles of former civilizations, and of Noah's ark—the scene is one that appeals strongly to the imagination. From what we might call the photographer's standpoint, it is less satisfactory. On every side lie unlovely plains, relieved only occasionally by a little water or a patch of green; beyond them are high, dull mountains, all with the same barren, scorched look save for a few distant snow-peaks. Perhaps at a season or on a day when there is no heat mist dimming the landscape, the prospect may be more attractive. Somehow, with all its historical associations, it did not tempt me to linger very long in the glare, but made me willing to join the soldiers in partaking of refreshments, or investigating the box with the names of previous visitors. And yet, though the view left only a blurred outline in the memory, that outline is something I shall never forget or cease being pleased to own.

The return was easy enough. Three thousand or so feet can be covered in a twinkling by coasting down a great snowfield, and, even if one is more cautious, he can descend rapidly through loose stones, though there is a very uncomfortable chance (as it takes nothing to set a lot in motion) of sending them flying at any time on to the men under you. Before sunset the last of the party was again at Sadar Bulakh. Here there had been quite a little excitement, for much of our progress, including the reaching of the summit, had been followed through field-glasses, and shots fired from the top had been distinctly heard; thus we had eye and ear witnesses of our success. Many were the toasts drunk that night.

On the whole, it seems to me that the most notable result of our climb is that it must provoke others. No one, even in the vicinity, can now maintain that the mountain is inaccessible or nearly so. Of course, like other such places, it is dangerous to get lost on in a storm (a man died in that way last summer), and accidents can happen anywhere; but there are countless less celebrated ascents harder in every way. Some day, then, in the future, we may expect to see numerous alpenstocks marked, among other names, with "Mt. Ararat."

ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE.

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Correspondence.

THE COUNTRY NOT FOR WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the statement that the Maine and Vermont elections show a change in public sentiment in regard to the Cuban war, there is, I think, a mistake. I do not believe that the mass of the people have at any time been in favor of any war or any policy of expansion. Still less would they have been in favor of it had not certain papers, for reasons best known to themselves, persistently given a false impression of the situation. The mobs of the cities, to-day as yesterday and a thousand years of yesterdays, are ready to shriek for any measure or any barbarity, however wicked and senseless, provided only the cry is started. But, however much Paris may be France, neither New York, Chicago, San Francisco, nor all the cities taken together are the United States. There is a vast country constituency, slow to move, slow to reach, and slow to give expression, but which must finally be reckoned with. No opportunity has offered itself to this opinion for its expression until the late elections. In none of the New England States is the country constituency stronger than in Maine and Vermont.

We, the country people, want no wars, no expansion, no imperialistic policy. We yet have a weakness for the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. We are still sufficiently conservative to have a reverence for George Washington. We do not like standing armies; we do not believe in vast navies, supported by money wrung from our heart's blood, from our long years of toil and penury. We love peace and the gentler graces and milder manners that flourish in a free republic. We have no wish to see our women laboring in the fields while the young men are idle in garrisons or holystoning the decks of cruisers. The ancestors of some of us even have fled from the imperialist policy that would have sent them to duty in far-away and unhealthy lands amid a hostile people. *We* want none of it.

Then, too, if it is for unscrupulous politicians to seize and govern enslaved people abroad, may it not come to pass that the same policy will be pursued at home? As we have heard and read of the fate of ancient republics, it seems to us that so it befell. And this is the lesson we country constituency are silently and a little sullenly trying to impress upon alarmed M. C.'s, who thought only to reckon with the cities, that shouting and excitement will mislead and befool. W.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., September 26, 1898.

HARVARD'S PATRIOTISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your current number, commenting on the Commencement exercises at Cambridge last June, you take occasion to say: "In the melancholy 'patriotic' stampede which involved all the colleges to a greater or less extent, we certainly think Harvard's part was creditably reluctant and limited."

This opinion is doubtless of interest to many of your readers, as it is to me, and I ask that, if you have any evidence of its truth, you let it be known to us. If, on the other hand, you express merely a general notion, which may perhaps be rooted in personal convictions, will you not give space to a denial from one who, having been a member of the University community during the entire period of the war, feels that his opportunity of studying the attitude of Harvard undergraduates was as good as another's; who has made an especial effort to ascertain the part played in the war by Harvard graduates and undergraduates; and who is, in consequence, very strongly of the opinion that your praise of Harvard's reluctant and limited patriotism is as undeserved as it is unacceptable?

Very respectfully,

WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN.

CAMBRIDGE, September 25, 1898.

[Our remarks had reference not to the undergraduates alone. If we chose to make invidious comparisons with other colleges in favor of Harvard, we could readily do so.—ED. NATION.]

THE CURRENCY MOVEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While heartily commending the article entitled "The Currency Movement" in your issue of September 15, I beg leave to point out one factor, and that perhaps the most important, in producing what you designate as the "relative scarcity" of currency as compared with gold at the present time. Spurred by loss of custom, due to the growing practice on the part of the banks of shipping currency by registered mail and covering the risk by insurance, the express companies, in April of this year, made large reductions in their charges for carrying currency, but left the rate for transporting gold unchanged. Between New York and Chicago the currency rate was reduced one-half, or, to be more precise, from $1 to 50 cents per $1,000. As a consequence, the country banks strenuously object to having gold sent to them, and, in order that they may be ready to respond to their calls as far as possible, the city banks are using every effort to husband their stock of currency of small denominations, always inadequate during a few weeks at this season of the year. On such small considerations do large movements, affecting, it may be, the welfare of the nation's finances, depend.

Yours respectfully,

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

CHICAGO, September 19, 1898.

RHYMES TO EYE AND EAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is somewhat surprising that scholars such as Prof. Brander Matthews and Mr. Andrew Lang should have failed to make any discrimination between two classes among the imperfect rhymes which have recently incurred their censure. When a rhymster matches *heaven* with *given*, or *sacrifice* with *lies;* he is usually quite aware of his poetical licentiousness, and either defends himself by pleading the hardship of finding a better rhyme, or else maintains that the imperfection secures a precious air of unpremeditated art. But such phenomena as the rhyming of *dawn* and *morn* (which both of these writers condemn) must be placed in another category. They are unconscious transgressions, if indeed we may call them transgressions at all. The culprit here would probably not acknowledge that he had used the rhyme *faute de mieux;* he has been betrayed by his accustomed pronunciation of the words; and in his speech *dawn* and *morn* are, as our friend "F. H." might say, unassailable homœoteleuta. In other words, the offender does not, with Prof. Matthews and Mr. Lang, say *morrn*, but *mawn*. If he were given to contention, he might argue that for so pronouncing he has the best of authority; that it is his critics who are upholding their provincialism against his use of genuine London English. For there is good evidence to show that, in the dialect of the upper classes in Old and New England, *r* is rapidly becoming, in most situations, an obsolete sound. Prof. Sweet states in his 'Primer of Phonetics,' section 221:

"This consonant [r] . . . never occurs except before a vowel, being elsewhere weakened into a voice-glide. . . . In Scotch, *r* is a strong trill everywhere. . . . In American-English, *r* before a pause or a consonant appears as a point-modification of the preceding vowel, . . . being completely lost in other American pronunciations."

It would seem, then, that Prof. Matthews has been misled by his "point-modification," and that the truth is hidden from Mr. Lang by his persistent habit of a "strong trill everywhere." The truly British poet may cling to his "voice-glide" and drop his *r*'s at will. How far he chooses to avail himself of this privilege, may be seen by the following specimens gleaned from one volume of Mr. Kipling's poems:

"Railways and roads they *wrought*,
For the needs of the soil within;
A time to scribble in *court*,
A time to bear and to grin."
—*A Masque of Pienty*,

"Dysentry touched him in June, after his *Chota Bursat*—
Lowered his portly person, made him long to *depart*."
—*Pagett, M. P.*

"It was under *Khyraghauty* I mused:—
Suppose the maid be *haughty*—
There are lovers rich and *forty*," etc.
—*As the Bell Clinks.*

"Now even after dinner when the coffee-cups are *brought*,
Ahasuerus walleth o'er the grand *piano-forte*."
—*Army Headquarters.*

"Long he pondered o'er the question in his scantily furnished *quarters*,
Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of Judge Boffkin's *daughters*."
—*The Post that Fitted.*

"Bought a shiny bowie-knife, bought a town-made *sword*,
Jingled like a carriage horse when he went *abroad*."
—*What Happened.*

"And One, long since a pillar of the *Court*,
As mud between the beams thereof is *wrought*;
And One who wrote on phosphate for the crops
Is subject-matter of his own *Report*."
—*The Last Department.*

"I quarrel with my wife at home,
We never fight *abroad*;
But Mrs. B. has grasped the fact
I am her only *lord*."
—*Divided Destinies.*

This same pronunciation ("lawd") must be assumed in the final stanza of "The Last Chantey," a poem printed in the 'Seven Seas.'—Very truly yours, G. M. WHICHER.

BROOKLYN, September 20, 1898.

Notes.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will publish directly 'A History of English Critical Terms,' by J. W. Bray. These counters in literary criticism are arranged and discussed alphabetically.

Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston, will publish immediately 'The Santiago Campaign,'

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by Major-Gen. Joseph Wheeler; also, during the season, 'Washington the Soldier,' by Gen. Henry B. Carrington; 'Songs of Good Fighting,' by Eugene R. White; 'The Land of Contrasts: A Briton's View of his American Kin,' by James F. Muirhead; and a 'Treasury of Canadian Verse,' by Theodore Harding Rand.

Further announcements by Charles Scribner's Sons are 'The War of 1898,' by Richard Harding Davis; 'Commercial Cuba,' by William J. Clark; 'The Column and the Arch,' by W. P. P. Longfellow; and 'Music and Poetry,' first of a series of uncollected prose writings by the late Sidney Lanier.

'A Source Book of American History,' by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, and Clara Tschudi's 'Life of Marie Antoinette,' translated from the Norwegian by E. M. Cope, are in the press of Macmillan Co.

M. F. Mansfield & Co., New York, will reprint from the English edition Kipling's 'Departmental Ditties,' with a new edition of the 'Barrack-Room Ballads,' in two volumes, with twelve color drawings by Blanche McManus; also, 'Youth at the Prow,' a novel by E. Rentoul Esler.

'Along the Bosphorus,' by Mrs. Susan E. Wallace, wife of Gen. Lew Wallace, and 'A Cruise under the Crescent,' by Charles Warren Stoddard, are announced by Rand, McNally & Co.

Henry Frowde is about to bring out 'The More Excellent Way,' by the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton Gell.

T. Fisher Unwin's fall list includes 'Lithography and Lithographers,' by Joseph and Elizabeth R. Pennell; 'A Literary History of Ireland,' by Dr. Douglas Hyde; 'Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift,' edited by Dr. George Birkbeck Hill; 'Shakspere in France,' by J. J. Jusserand; 'The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (the Rev. C. L. Dodgson),' by Mrs. S. D. Collingwood; 'Through New Guinea and the Cannibal Countries,' by Capt. H. Cayley Webster; and 'The City of the Caliphs: A Monograph on Cairo and its Environs and the Nile and its Monuments,' by E. A. Reynolds Ball.

Purcell's uncomfortable 'Life of Cardinal Manning' has been reissued by Macmillan Co. in two volumes less elegant but not less readable than the much more expensive first. The same plates have been used, and the binding is fit for any library.

Gen. Miles's 'Military Europe,' the series of papers which he wrote after his official visit of last year, has appeared in quarto, illustrated by fifty-six engravings, most of them reproductions of photographs (Doubleday & McClure Co.). The circumstances of the tour were such as to preclude the idea of free criticism of the armies inspected by the author, but even the casual observations of so experienced an officer will have many points of interest. The numerous portraits of eminent personages and distinguished officers are not the least of the attractions of the volume.

The Macmillan Co. bring out a handy and useful little manual entitled 'Questions and Answers in the Theory and Practice of Military Topography,' by Major J. H. Bowhill, late Adjutant of First Battalion Wiltshire Regiment (England). It is a considerable series of practical problems in topographical engineering, beginning with the use of scales, and passing to the construction of maps, plotting from field-books and notes, contouring, eye-sketching, reconnaissance of roads, rivers, etc. The answers to the problems are given in the second part of the volume, and large scale-illustrations of the methods are supplied in an accompanying portfolio of loose plates engraved and printed in colors.

'Wireless Telegraphy,' by Richard Kerr, F. G. S. (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a very popular little book indeed; there is not a dry word in it. Mr. W. H. Preece, an adept in the art, supplies a chernimmatic preface which was richly deserved. He goes as far as he well could—not to the point of justice. Whoever reads the book should read between the lines of this preface. Mr. Preece, by the way, is at as much pains to do justice to Americans as Mr. Kerr seems to be to avoid mention of them. One blunder is worth notice simply because it is a frequent popular misapprehension. Mr. Kerr (p. 18) says: "It was conjectured by . . . Clerk Maxwell and others that light . . . and electricity . . . only differed in degree. . . . Their velocity . . . was the same." What Clerk Maxwell repeatedly said, as in his posthumous book ('Elementary Electricity,' p. 98), was: "It is quite possible that the velocity of electricity in a telegraph wire may be less, say, than the hundredth of an inch in an hour." The ratio between the dynamical and statical methods of measuring electrical phenomena is a quantity of the dimensions of a velocity, and that velocity was shown by Maxwell and later physicists to be the velocity of light. Hence, we have reason to believe that the luminiferous ether is really electricity. Electricity is not a vibration, like light; it is a thing, attracting and repelling as other things, though very differently from other things. It is a fluid, though a peculiar fluid. To hesitate to call it so is simply to boggle over names. Whether or not electricity is a chemical substance, or whether it be something *sui generis*, is a question probably needing a good many years definitely to answer.

Prof. Frank Sargent Hoffman's 'Sphere of Science' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) might do for a summer afternoon in a hammock. The writer is in a Cartesian stage of culture, but we do not remember any genuine old Cartesian book so nebulous. We were finding fault the other day with an example wrongly given as a *petitio principii* by an estimable rhetorician and quoted by Mr. MacEwan. We can recommend the present volume to those writers as a mine of the sort of argumentation of which they were in search.

'Whist of the Future,' by Lieut.-Col. B. Lowsley (Macmillan), though small, merits consideration, but we must reserve it until we can collect a pile of books on this active branch of science. It contains, we need not say, a discussion of American leads, and it takes moderate short-hand ground. But about half the volume is occupied with the laws of whist, with a limited American leaning.

In the current Proceedings (for May, 1898) of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Mr. John T. Hassam has a series of biographical sketches of early Suffolk Recorders from Stephen Winthrop (1639-1644) to John Ballantine (1714-1735). In the case of each of the Recorders his autograph is facsimiled; and since the portraits of several are extant, it would have been agreeable to find these also accompanying the text. The sketches consist chiefly of citations from early sources, and it is surprising how much of the history and manners and customs of the period thus incidentally appears. We may instance the first authentic record of any provision for the poor of Boston, the origin of the school committee, the founding of the Old South Church, the arrival of the first ship in New Haven, etc. "The Grammar Free School" was the designation of the Boston Latin School, since "grammar" then had reference to classical instruction. Recorder Daniel Allin had the good sense to vote (November 25, 1693) against a bill restricting candidates for Representatives to residents of the respective towns for which they were chosen. This, he contended, was contrary to Charter custom of England and of the Province, and "might prove destructive to the Province."

Virginia has of late years much outstripped other Southern States in matters genealogical. The latest product in this line in book form is 'The Vestry Book and Register of Bristol Parish, Virginia, 1720-1789,' a very careful reprint of the book which was lost from sight for nearly fifty years. The transcribing and editing have been done in the most exemplary manner by Mr. Churchill Gibson Chamberlayne, who is his own publisher (Richmond, P. O. Drawer 927), and the printing is noticeably elegant and correct. The contents possess chiefly a genealogical interest, culminating in an alphabetic register of births, baptisms, and deaths, and an index to the whole work. The vestry's accounts occupy a large space, seldom lighted up by such entries as (May 2, 1772) "To 2 quarts of Rum To Bury Jane Long." From year to year persons are appointed to "procession" lands, bounds, and lines, along with "counters" of tobacco plants. Specifications for parish buildings are also frequent, as are exemptions "for ye futor" to the infirm from the parish levy, the binding of an orphan or of a bastard to such a one, "suppos'd to be ye Reputed father," and allowance for the keep of paupers, including "Ann hanks" (p. 218), who might appear a collateral ancestor of Lincoln; but the list of errata bids us read "hauks." Capt. Thomas Jefferson figures in the entries for 1723. A free school for pauper children in connection with the poorhouse is talked of in 1757.

The annual report of the State Geologist of New Jersey for 1897 is mostly a continuing document, but Prof. Salisbury's report of progress on the surface geology—an altogether novel investigation—may be read with entire interest by any one new to the subject; and the same may be said of Dr. Kümmel's candid and perspicuous report of progress on the Newark system of sandstone and trap formations. The former is accompanied by a small colored map; the latter by well-chosen photographic views. Prof. W. B. Clark of Johns Hopkins reports on the Upper Cretaceous formations; Mr. Lewis Woolman extends his long list of artesian wells, throwing light on water horizons and on the succession of strata; while Mr. Vermeule restates the advantages of draining the Hackensack and Newark tide marshes, and the dangers attending their present neglect and pollution. Finally, the clay and mineral industries of the State are catalogued afresh.

The *Geographical Journal* for September opens with a technical description of the Yangtse-kiang, derived chiefly from the notes of recent travellers. It leaves a heightened impression of the vastness of the

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river system and its importance to Central China, as great as that of the Nile to Egypt. The probable length of the river is 3,000 miles, of which half is navigable; but if its natural tributaries, the connecting lakes and artificial canals, were included, the amount of navigable water would be immensely increased. In the southern delta alone the total length of the small canals used for irrigation and navigation is estimated at 36,000 miles. An illustrated account of the circumnavigation of Lake Bangweolo is by Mr. P. Weatherley, and is noteworthy for its idyllic pictures of the native villages on the islands. Of one he says: "An English homestead in the heart of Kent could not have presented a more peaceful, prosperous sight." Singularly enough, these enviable Africans seemed to have no horror of slavery. Not only did they not "object to being sold," but "some professed great willingness, and even volunteered, to be purchased by me." Other articles are an account by Capt. Wellby of his remarkable journey across Tibet to China, and the description of a visit to Karaginski, an almost unknown island off the coast of Kamtchatka. The people showed some of the characteristics of each of the three Mongolian races which inhabit the neighboring continent. Their houses are *yurts*, solidly built mud-huts, with wooden doors, and *balagans*, "a thatched pyramidal hut, raised to a height of ten or twelve feet from the ground, on posts, and entered by a rough ladder, formed of a tree-trunk placed loosely leaning against one side of the floor, and having big notches roughly hewn in it to form steps. . . . Below the flooring hung the dried salmon which form the winter supplies of the natives." In one place the men and women apparently lived apart in separate villages, as is the custom, it is alleged, of the Koriaks on the mainland.

At a time when the race animosities of Czechs and Germans are so strong, threatening the integrity of the Austrian Empire and possibly the peace of Europe, it is encouraging to note any indication of the union of the two races, especially on the solid ground of a common religious faith. For some years a well-known and learned Russian, Gen. Kiréeff, has advocated the formation of a Czecho-Slavonian church in alliance with the Old Catholics. In Bohemia this proposal has hitherto been received with little favor on account of the prejudice against the Catholic reform movement as being largely of German origin. The resolutions passed last year by the Old Catholic Congress at Vienna, however, in praise of the theological teaching of Cyril and Methodius, and in condemnation of the burning of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, has done much to remove this prejudice. This is shown by the fact that on July 6 last, the anniversary of the burning of Huss, a large number of Czechs (deputies from various unions) laid wreaths on his monument at Constance, and then, going to Zurich, held a service in St. Augustine's Old Catholic Church, with the warm approval of Bishop Herzog. There was a large congregation, mainly of Czech nationality, and the Czech language was used throughout the service. At a dinner later in the day a large company pledged themselves to the task of organizing Czech congregations upon the Old Catholic basis.

The Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha echoes the Columbian not only in its buildings but in its congresses, and one of these, of librarians, will be in session from September 29 to October 1, inclusive. Mr. W. H. Brett of the Cleveland Public Library has had the laying out of the programme, which involves the discussion of library support and control by the State; "travelling libraries" and their relation to women's clubs; the public library's value to the community; special training for library work; and the relation of the library to other formal educational work. The President and the Secretary of the A. L. A. join with representatives of Western libraries in carrying out the programme.

—Dr. Elliott Coues's editing of Lewis and Clark's narrative of their expedition to the Pacific was a rare example of literary, historical, and scientific ardor most industriously applied. That this ardor is unabated appears in the current Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. For his botanical identifications, Dr. Coues depended on insufficient expertness, and subsequently the explorers' herbarium was discovered, and has recently been identified by Messrs. Meehan, Robinson, and Greenman. For every specimen bearing a date on its label, Dr. Coues now supplies the precise locality where it was obtained, and his paper (which is nothing like so dry as the herbarium discussed) deserves to be preserved along with his monumental edition. It is also a commentary upon the contemporaneous botanist Frederick Pursh, whose indications of locality were often very vague. Dr. Coues casts around for some botanist, as enthusiastic as himself, who will review "Lewis and Clark's botanical *text* as distinguished from their *specimens*." Their botany, he remarks, "runs in two parallel courses. One of these is represented by the specimens which they *collected*, and which became so many of Pursh's types; the other, by the herbs, shrubs, and trees which they *observed*, and noted in their narrative, but did not collect"—and about which they therefore had naturally most to say. There may of these, he thinks, be from fifty to one hundred species of which no specimens are known to be extant. He had already pointed out the possible economic importance of some of these which were used as food by the Indians.

—Vols. xxiv. and xxv. of the Jesuit Relations (Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.) are a living witness to the sufferings and fortitude of Isaac Jogues. This man, who shares with Brébeuf the first honors among French missionaries in America, was born at Orleans, and when captured by the Iroquois had reached the age of thirty-five. Although a scholar by training, he was no novice in matters relating to Indian character, nor did he ignore the dangers in his path. He had served his order among the Hurons, and they differed from the Iroquois only in degree. Together with three other Frenchmen and forty Hurons, he was waylaid by the Iroquois while threading the islands of Lake St. Peter in August, 1642. Had he been willing to desert his French companions, he might have saved himself, but he threw away his chance, or rather yielded with a full knowledge of the probable consequences. His subsequent afflictions demand a pen like that which depicted the Tower of Hunger. Their only solace was the occasional baptism of some infant savage or of some victim who was set aside for torture. Finally, through Dutch aid, he escaped to France, and the last we see of him in the present narrative is a glimpse at Rennes. Mutilated and forespent, he yet longed that he might go back and complete his task. "In conclusion, he is as cheerful as if he had suffered nothing, and as zealous to return to the Hurons, amid all those dangers, as if perils were to him securities; he certainly expects to cross the ocean once again, in order to go to succor those poor peoples, and to finish the sacrifice already begun." The Sillery Hospital, the Huron and Lower St. Lawrence missions form the other leading topics of vol. xxv., which contains portions of three documents. Maisonneuve's infant colony at Montreal, which was prominent in vol. xxiv., is hardly mentioned here. Barthélemy Vimont, Le Jeune's successor as Superior, contributes the bulk of the chronicle; indeed, Charles Garnier, writing from the Hurons, is his sole assistant. Vimont reports that the Iroquois have so extended their range that they terrorize the whole district from far above Montreal to Lake St. Peter, where, near the mouth of the Richelieu, they had built a fort. French, Hurons, and Algonquins are equally their prey, and, "as in Arabia," safety in travel is not to be had outside the caravan. One is always interested in seeing how the native mind worked. The most amusing among new obstacles which retard conversion is Huron and Algonquin scepticism when they observe the prosperity of the wicked. The Iroquois still worship demons and prevail. Of what use is Christianity unless it can bring success?

—"Greek," said the late Dr. Freeman, in his positive manner, "is the very crown and summit of the education of a gentleman and a scholar." Dr. Johnson puts the same opinion in his own fashion: "Greek, sir, is like lace: every man gets as much of it as he can." ("Quand on prend du galon, on n'en saurait trop prendre.") The Doctor had a feminine weakness for lace, and a masculine passion for Greek. This side of his multifarious learning has lately been illustrated by Mr. Gennadius, late Greek Minister to England, in a paper full of delightful humor and interesting facts, read last June before the Johnson Club at the old inn known as "The Spaniards," on Hampstead Heath. This little pamphlet should be placed on the shelf beside Boswell; it is quite as entertaining. It gives one rather a new view of the Doctor's erudition in a direction which was only a by-path from his larger occupations. Erudition is not exactly the word; it was rather a passionate taste, which he indulged whenever he could find a chance. He lived part of his busy life with his Homer, his Pindar, his Anacreon, and his Epictetus, and they permeated his thoughts. When he lay sleepless, he tells Mrs. Piozzi, he "used to drive the night along" by turning Greek epigrams into Latin. He had a very pretty knack at this. His own "tetrastick" on Goldsmith is more than pretty; Mr. Gennadius pronounces it "full of classic solemnity and grace." A modern Ph.D. might have made the language more difficult and the syntax more tortuous with less of genuine feeling and inspiration. "Johnson's diary bristles with Greek thoughts and allusions." On his journey to Wales he writes one day βρῶσις ὀλίγη, "short commons"; or again, "To-day read Phocylides"; elsewhere he notes the grammar of Lascaris, which he saw in the library of Blenheim, the first book

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printed entirely in Greek type. This very copy is at present in the possession of Mr. Gennadius.

—To know Greek well was a passport to Dr. Johnson's heart—it quite subjugated his customary ferocity. He dedicates a gallant epigram to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, of whom he wrote, "My old friend Mrs. Carter could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus," and perhaps it was of this extraordinary combination of talents he was thinking when he observes, in a letter to Taylor: "Nature has given women so much power that the law has very wisely given them little." This reads like the ungracious and antiquated basis of another Greek epigram, possibly founded on Mrs. Johnson. A certain Bennett Langton had a similar claim on his friendship and admiration. Langton could crack jokes in Greek; he taught the language to his daughters, who used to sit with their embroidery listening while one of their number read aloud some Greek author; he even discovered that there was such a thing as modern Greek, and had one of his sons taught this then "undreamt-of accomplishment." The Doctor opines that this amiable and admirable Grecian "will surely go to Heaven! Sir, I will almost say, Sit anima mea cum Langtono." Boswell gives one picture of his idol's Grecian day: "I paid him a short visit both on Friday and Saturday, and, seeing his large folio Greek Testament, beheld him with reverential awe, and would not intrude upon his time." This awe was judicious and salutary; the Doctor had lately knocked down an intrusive and unreasonable bookseller with this very sacred book. The folio was to be seen, with the marks of its militant usage, in Cambridge, as late as 1812; as a weapon, it was made more effective by the fact that it contained the Septuagint as well as the New Testament. We need not apologize to Mr. Gennadius for lifting these plums from a pudding so richly stuffed with them; but we must offer him our compliments on his intimate acquaintance with literary gossip and with a literature which should be foreign to one of his name, but in which he shows himself perfectly at home. His printer has played him some sad tricks, of which doubtless he is aware, especially in the closing epigram on Epictetus.

—The admirable facsimile of the thirteenth-century world map discovered sixty-five years ago at Ebstorf, near Hanover, in Germany, which forms the subject of the fifth part of Dr. Konrad Miller's "Mappae-mundi; Die ältesten Weltkarten" (Stuttgart; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) will be found by students of mediæval cartography to be not only an important addition to the available material relating to their researches, but also a most useful help in elucidating their field of labor to those unacquainted with the conventions of early map-making. The perennial puzzle in cartographic investigation is the difficulty of distinguishing the individual beliefs, conceptions, and idiosyncrasies of the various map-makers, and of separating these from the more important items of accepted geographic information which each recorded as a basis for his own efforts to add to that stock of information. The especial value of the Ebstorf map is that it seems to be an uncommonly accurate representation of the geographic conceptions of the contemporary educated public. It is probable that the more carefully this great map is examined, the more will students agree in recognizing in it the work of a well-informed draughtsman, who faithfully recorded the prevalent opinions of the more intelligent people about him in his German home, and who fortunately had few cosmic or other theories, and few peculiar or unique sources of travellers' information, from which to construct new and hitherto unheard-of variations in the lie of the land and its inhabitants.

LESLIE STEPHEN'S BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

Studies of a Biographer. By Leslie Stephen. 2 vols. London: Duckworth & Co.: New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

During the past twenty years there has been growing up, even among men who are not primarily religionists, a tendency to looseness or indifference in the statement of fundamental belief. The late Henry Drummond represented a large and worthy if not clear-headed class of persons, who imagine that somehow the old creeds—whether Calvinism, Lutheranism, or Anglicanism—can be happily dovetailed with evolution. A much more acute thinker than Mr. Drummond, Mr. Arthur Balfour, has proved to the satisfaction of many that the foundations of belief are not other than the foundations of that strange institution, the Established Church of England. More recently, one of our own most brilliant philosophers, Prof. William James, has urged that it is perfectly reasonable for us to believe whatever we will. No wonder that Protestant pulpits are filled with clergymen who, after going through the old ritual of their respective creeds, preach sermons garnished with the catchwords and conclusions of modern science. The natural outcome of all this is confusion, equally harmful to the conscience and to the intellect. It has been Mr. Leslie Stephen's merit never to connive at this confusion. In his earlier ethical or philosophical essays he kept clear the unbridgeable distinctions between reason and faith; in the present essays, which are more avowedly biographical, we have the benefit of the same acumen and consistency. What this means we can best appreciate when we read his interpretation of Jowett, Matthew Arnold, and Tennyson, three men who experienced with almost equal intensity the confusion of the age, but grappled with it with very different results.

Of the three, Jowett chose the least satisfactory *modus vivendi* with evidently antagonistic conditions. That the man who wrote the well-known prefaces to Plato should have seen no impropriety in remaining an Anglican clergyman, has been a puzzle to many. He knew very well the bearing of the revolution in science and philosophy. He was conversant with many systems of thought. Yet he did not hesitate to wear the livery of the Established Church, and to give lip-homage to theological formulas which in his writings and his conversation he rejected. Mr. Stephen, who certainly does not judge this anomalous conduct harshly, concludes that we must excuse Jowett on the ground that he never knew exactly what he did believe. "He stood at the parting of many ways, and he wrote 'No Thoroughfare' upon them all"; nevertheless, he did not scruple to be paid for professing that one of those ways led to salvation. When Emerson ceased to believe in the Eucharist, he ceased to accept a salary for preaching that belief.

It has been said that "bad philosophies, when they die, go to Oxford." It may also be said that, in our period of transition, the mission of the Established Church in England has been to harbor very anomalous devotees. Dean Stanley, who, as Carlyle expressed it, spent his time in boring holes in the bottom of the Church of England; Maurice, who, as Jowett remarked, was trying to engraft neoplatonism on the Anglican trunk; Kingsley, so liberal; Pusey, so obscurantist; Jowett himself—here, in truth, is a strange group to be professedly fighting under one banner. Matthew Arnold, of course, took a very different path, on which no one could accuse him of subscribing to tenets he did not believe. He was too genuine a sceptic to treat as certainties those supernatural assertions which, from their very essence, lie beyond the scope of human proof. Through his writings, particularly 'Literature and Dogma,' he scattered the results of modern Biblical criticism among whole classes that had not before given heed to them. Yet he seemed to look forward to the day when "the Church might open its doors to all dissenters—not only to Protestants, but even, in course of time, to Roman Catholics." Just what such a church would be, stripped of its mediæval dogmas, purged of miracles and *Aberglaube*, giving equal welcome to Unitarians and Romanists, he never announced. Nor could he. But, after all, it was not the church as a theological institution that he had in mind: it was, as Mr. Stephen hints, the church as the centre of venerable and touching associations, a poetic vision, which he would have perpetuated. He would preserve it as one preserves an heirloom which has no intrinsic value, but is linked with precious memories. One might pertinently ask, "If you are going in for ancient associations, and not for the dogmas which are supposed to be the life-blood of churches, why do you stop at the Anglican? Why do you not choose the Roman, which is so much more venerable and more truly catholic, and appeals as an historic institution to the imagination of millions who reject its doctrines? Sentiment for sentiment, how modern and partial and unimaginative an heirloom you prefer!" After all, it is not necessary to press Arnold too hard on this side of his teaching, because he laid least stress on it himself, and made his deepest impressions along other lines. One almost suspects a joke when he, who had reduced the Anglican Trinity to a mere "stream of tendency that makes for righteousness," wished to preserve the church.

Tennyson, on the other hand, presents no such contradiction. Although in his late years he clung with an Englishman's conservatism to English institutions, he never seems to have found satisfaction in any creed. He believed unswervingly in immortality: the rest, for him, was trust. His son and biographer perhaps reflects his own reverence for theological dukes and bishops when he represents these as being the chief companions of the last part of Tennyson's life; for it does not appear that Tennyson, however much he may have liked to discuss theology with orthodox magnates, was orthodox himself. Mr. Stephen, who analyzes with some detail this aspect of Tennyson, resents the attempt of the late laureate's son to

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make him out a master in either religion or philosophy.

"Even in the *In Memoriam*," he says, "he always seems to me to be like a man clinging to a spar left floating after a shipwreck, knowing that it will not support him, and yet never able to make up his mind to strike out and take his chance of sinking or swimming. That may be infinitely affecting; but it is not the attitude of the poet who can give a war-cry to his followers, or of the philosopher who really dares to 'face the spectres of the mind.'"

We have spoken thus at length of Mr. Stephen's treatment of the most serious concerns in order to indicate the depths of his interests. But we should create a false impression if we let it be supposed that his criticism is usually austere. He deals with many things besides the ultimate verities, and he is never polemical. Even in cases where he differs totally from the conclusions he is discussing, his method is to suggest rather than to argue. Unlike Arnold, who always had a text which he wove in and out of his essay, Mr. Stephen does not preach. His manner, at its best, reminds you of Sainte-Beuve.

Of the fourteen essays in Mr. Stephen's two volumes three are not primarily biographical or critical. The first gives an outline of the scope of the 'Dictionary of National Biography'—that immense work which Mr. Stephen planned and carried through a score or more volumes, and to which he has contributed many memoirs. In another paper he traces "The Evolution of Editors," from the Restoration to the beginning of this century. In a third he writes a sketch of "The Importation of German." Each of these contains much miscellaneous information. There is an entertaining article on "Johnsoniana," called out by Dr. Birkbeck Hill's recent volumes, of which it need only be said that it is worthy of one of the greatest of living Johnsonians. Two eighteenth-century men—John Byrom, author of the wittiest political epigram in the language, and Arthur Young—are described so sympathetically that we feel they are not mere names. In other papers Mr. Stephen analyzes Gibbon's career, and shows how fortune conspired to make him a great historian; he traces, with Legouis's recent book as a guide, the steps by which Wordsworth passed from early Jacobinism to Toryism; and he disentangles the snarled story of Scott's financial ruin, making it plain that Scott was the victim of his own imprudence. A pleasant review of Mr. Morse's Life of Dr. Holmes, and a masterly study of Pascal, in which Mr. Stephen tries to explain the paradox that Pascal was both a sceptic and a devout believer, complete the list of contents.

The success with which he has treated so varied a range of subjects is due to his interest in understanding and interpreting characters rather than in controverting opinions. We have not space to refer to the many happy *obiter dicta*, nor to passages which are not easily forgotten. His portrait of Boswell, for instance; his praise of the eighteenth-century life, to be compared with a similar passage in Lowell's essay on Gray; his description of the typical Oxford don and of the typical Cambridge man; his remarks on the dangers of intuitional criticism, and on the Philistines—these are but a few of the pages which prove that these volumes are real literature. Sometimes Mr. Stephen indulges a vein of satire not less amusing than that of Arnold himself; as when he discusses the "Greek note" and the "Celtic note" in English poetry, or when he says, "I have often wished, I must also confess, that I had a little sweetness and light, that I might be able to say such nasty things of my enemies."

We regret that this collection of Mr. Stephen's essays, like those which preceded it, should be put on the American market at a price which must lessen the number of its readers. English publishers still have a public willing to pay eight shillings for a volume of 60,000 words, but the equivalent price here cuts off many buyers. Especially is this the case when uniform copyright editions of Arnold or John Morley, with whom Mr. Stephen, in a sense, competes, can be bought here for a dollar a volume. For the sake of the dissemination of some of the best thought of the time, we hope that he may arrange to place his works within reach of a larger audience.

Through Unknown Tibet. By M. S. Wellby, Captain Eighteenth Hussars. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1898. 8vo, pp. xiv, 440. Maps.

The exploration of Tibet began two centuries ago, but a large part of it still remains absolutely unknown. The regions adjacent to its frontiers have been frequently visited by English and Russian travellers, and a few explorers have crossed the country from north to south. No European, however, had ever set foot in a great tract lying north of latitude 36° when Capt. Wellby started on his adventurous journey in the spring of 1896. This was owing partly to the inhospitable nature of the land, but mainly, in the last eighty years at least, to the determination of the Tibetans to prevent Europeans from entering Lhasa. The extreme solicitude with which they guard even the most distant approaches to the sacred city is remarkable. When this expedition, consisting of only two English officers and a dozen natives, reached the foot of the pass leading from Leh into Tibet, it was stopped, though Lhasa was nearly a thousand miles away. Threats, bribes of money and goods, as well as every other kind of argument, entirely failed to carry any weight with the Tibetan officials. "A loaded revolver pointed at a few paces distant at the chest of one of them had no other result than to induce the man to tear aside his garments, and, showing us his bare flesh, point to us to shoot at it." Against such opposition, backed as it was with a large armed force, further progress by this route was impossible. The travellers turned back, and found an entrance into the country by another pass which was left unguarded simply because it led into an uninhabited wilderness, the "unknown Tibet."

Through this region, called the Chang, the party journeyed eastward for a thousand miles without seeing a human being. For four months, at an average elevation of 16,000 feet, they followed nullahs and dry beds of rivers in this trackless waste, going from one broad valley into another, at times with distant snow-clad mountain ranges on either hand. For days they toiled over barren plains without vegetation or life of any kind, in which salt lakes mocked their thirst. These alternated with hills and vales covered with a coarse grass—there was not the vestige of a tree—on which fed herds of yaks, antelopes, and wild asses. The scorching heat of the day was followed by nights of freezing cold, in which their animals perished. Passes were crossed in blinding snow-storms, and, though it was the dead of summer, ice still covered the fresh-water lakes.

At first the constantly recurring mention of the daily search for water, the failure of provisions, the insubordination of the men, with the monotony of the country, is wearisome. But gradually interest is aroused in the absorbing question, When will the travellers reach an inhabited land? One day an ancient fireplace is discovered. On another there is picked up a stick which a man only could have brought into this treeless desert. A month passes and a stone is found engraved with the sacred "om mani padme hum." Hope beats high when a man and a boy are seen on the distant prairie, but they prove to be only two marmots playing in the mirage-haunted wilderness. At length, when the Lhasa caravan is overtaken, and the welcome bark of a dog and the cheerful voice of a boy singing are heard, the simple narrative reaches an almost thrilling climax.

The few days spent in company with the caravan were full of novel experiences which are well described. The organization and discipline of this body seem to have been well-nigh perfect:

"The 1,500 yak of which it consisted were divided into seven distinct companies, and moved in column, each company superintended by the merchants to whom the animals belonged, and kept in order by the servants and herdsmen under them. These seven companies were again divided into two wings, one consisting of four, the other of the remaining three companies. Every day they marched in the same order, generally with a considerable distance between the two wings, one moving off some time before the other; but everything was managed without the slightest noise or confusion. From the time the watchmen aroused the sleeping camp till the moment of marching off, scarcely a voice was heard; it might then be necessary for some one of the mounted men to scream at a refractory yak to make him fall into his proper place; but so little even of this was there that, after the first day or two, we slept peacefully on while our Tibetan friends passed close by our tent."

Capt. Wellby was especially impressed with the honesty and civility of everybody in the caravan. It was on its annual journey to China with "pulo" cloth and dried dates, to be exchanged for tea and tobacco. The interest of the narrative changes, but does not diminish after an inhabited land is reached. The account of the famous monastery of Kumbum, which was visited in company with a Dutch missionary who had resided within its walls for ten months, is especially noteworthy. It is surprising—in connection with the gold-tiled temple, the sacred tree on the leaves of which "a true believer can distinctly trace the figure of Sakya Muni, or his name in Tibetan characters," the images and prayer-wheels—to read of public and private reading-halls. The type of the latter is a "fine room, with rows of low forms about six inches high, comfortably cushioned, and big enough to hold about 2,500 priests." Mina Fu-yeh, "one of the greatest incarnate saints" on the eastern border of Tibet, and formerly abbot of the monastery, was an extremely interesting character. A devout believer in his religious tenets—talking "freely of his last lifetime, pointing out the site of the house in which he lived, and which was burned down about two years before his death"—he was nevertheless a man of un-

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usual intelligence and broad-mindedness. In his chamber was "a colored picture of the day illustrating some English boys and girls out of school," and "at present he is very full of a plan to accompany Rijnhart [the missionary] next time he goes home, and very likely to go on to America." He endeavors to reconcile Buddhism with Christianity by saying that "Tsong Kaba [the restorer and purifier of the Buddhist religion, born in the year 1360 A. D.] must have been a later incarnation of Jesus Christ, and that in reality he worships the same divinity that we do, but in a different way and with different details." Across the Chinese frontier the travellers found the people still suffering from the recently quelled Mohammedan rebellion, of which a graphic account, derived from the missionaries, is given.

The remainder of the journey, through China by cart, raft, and wool-boat on the Yellow River, does not call for particular notice. The chief scientific results of the expedition were the disclosing the character and principal features of a previously unknown region and the discovery of the Chu Ma River, which may be one of the sources of the Yangtse-Kiang. It required remarkable pluck, endurance, and resource on the part of the two young officers to accomplish so much with so few followers. Two of those with whom they originally started, the one sick, the other sorely wounded, a stern necessity compelled them to leave behind in the wilderness. Most of the others deserted them, and they travelled for a large part of the way with only four companions. The fate of the deserters was unknown when Capt. Wellby wrote, but a recent telegram from India says that they found their way home in safety. A number of reproductions from photographs, some of which are unusually good, add greatly to the attractiveness of the volume: "a plain story plainly told," the author all too modestly terms it.

The Empire and the Papacy. 918-1273. By T. F. Tout, M.A. [Periods of European History II.] The Macmillan Co. 1898.

Glancing over the titles of the eight volumes in Mr. Hassall's series, one is struck by the fact that four of them ('The Dark Ages,' 'The Close of the Middle Ages,' 'Europe in the Sixteenth Century,' and 'Modern Europe') are simply chronological, while the other four ('The Empire and the Papacy,' 'The Ascendancy of France,' 'The Balance of Power,' and 'Revolutionary Europe') are expressly connected with topics. We should say that the chronological label is better. It may be less terse than the topical, but it is less apt to beget misconception, and to open the question of what is the leading line of progress through the given period. For instance, Mr. Tout, in 'The Empire and the Papacy,' considers the general development of European history from 918-1273. As he starts with the assumption that the world-church and world-state idea furnishes the main clue, his tendency is to slight the parallel subject of national advance. He does not omit to mention, and even emphasize it—he is too sound a historian for that—and in the important case of France, he fulfils all reasonable expectation. Our broad criticism is, that one rather makes a mistake in nailing his colors to a thesis when he writes for a series which is avowedly "comprehensive." To illustrate this point, we take a single example: Spain is so far sacrificed to the Holy Roman Empire that she gets only 14 pages out of 492. We may further add that the wide vogue of Mr. Bryce's essay renders it unnecessary to insist on the imperial aspect to the exclusion of other salient matters which, *ex hypothesi*, he was not bound to present.

We advance this stricture with no great aggressiveness, recognizing that every man must model his own ship. Mr. Tout has shaped a very neat and compact little craft, and we should be doing it injustice were we to haggle over proportions of length or beam. Having mentioned Mr. Bryce's name, we must add that Mr. Tout escapes the serious danger of appearing his imitator or legatee. Mr. Bryce subordinates narrative to disquisition. With Mr. Tout, narrative is everything, and he accordingly conveys much more information about Germany and Italy than his predecessor. He is also fuller on the side of the ecclesiastical system and the religious orders. His chief indebtedness is to the 'Histoire Générale.' Though not feeling it "in his power to enlarge upon the general history of civilization in the way adopted by" MM. Lavisse and Rambaud, he has "frequently availed himself of the help of [their] book in his selection and arrangement of his facts, and would like to refer his readers to it for such parts of the history as do not fall within his scheme." A short bibliography precedes each chapter.

We have said that Mr. Tout's object is to follow the sequence of events rather than to spin theories. Likewise he is no Michelet, picturesquely describing the gorgeousness or the squalor of the Middle Ages. He traces the course of politics, and of the thought or the ecclesiastical institutions which bear on politics. Within limits he also attempts analysis of motive, and expounds his theme rationally by indicating, wherever possible, the play of causes. The reader will be impressed by the care he shows in steering clear of complications. His twenty-one chapters hardly fall into more than three principal divisions: Empire and Papacy (including Germany and Italy); France; and the East (including Byzantine Empire and the Crusades). "The Cluniac Reformation," "The Monastic Movement and the Twelfth Century Renascence," "The Universities and the Friars," and "The Growth of Christian Spain" are especially considered, but do not withdraw the attention long from the solid sections just enumerated. Among the many good qualities of this text-book, those which have seemed to us most admirable are its first-hand information, and the marks which it bears of careful prevision. It is refreshing to find a point scored or an illustration adduced in the precise words of Widukind, Liutprand, Anna Comnena, Malaterra, William of Tyre, or Matthew Paris; and it is equally refreshing to find the results of a weighty monograph compressed into a single paragraph. We could easily select a dozen passages which have struck us as either better than the corresponding parts of existing manuals, or as completely superseding them. We shall be content with naming three: First, Mr. Tout's notice of the mark system; second, his estimate of the retroactive influence on Germany of expansion at Slavic expense; and third, his review of the great French fiefs in 1108.

We began by offering a piece of general criticism. We shall conclude by descending to particulars, one or two of which are minute. Mr. Tout's style is clear and correct, but his diction is at times a little hackneyed. Phrases like "it seemed as though" and "utterly defeated," along with others which have stood hard and common wear in school books, occur so frequently that they attract attention; and one thinks he can detect occasional hasty execution, *e. g.*, when such a contradiction of terms as the following obtrudes itself: "the order of Camaldoli; so-called from an inaccessible spot in the Apennines, near Arezzo, where one of Romuald's troops of followers had settled." Mr. Tout's description of Cluny is a disappointment, considering that the first part of Chapter v. is entitled "The Cluniac Reformation," and that Udalric of Regensburg would have supplied an abundance of suitable detail. We must also find fault with his notice of scholastic philosophy in that it employs the terms "Nominalism," "Realism," and "Conceptualism," and yet fails to tell the uninstructed reader the nature of these typical opinions. A useful statement regarding the question of universals might have been restricted to less than a page. Finally, we register a few misprints. P. 37, line 3, Otto *II.* should, apparently, be *I.;* p. 49, last line, for *sinking* read *striking;* p. 366, the dates assigned to Charles the Simple are "839-929," a slip which is repeated on p. 496; p. 81, *1194* should be *1094;* p. 483, in the statement that Montaperti "secured the triumph of the Guelfs over all Tuscany save in Lucca," Ghibellines should, of course, be substituted for Guelfs.

But much stronger then any adverse impression which we have formed of Mr. Tout's views or treatment is our sense that he has produced a scholarly and valuable outline of mediæval history from Henry the Fowler to Rudolf of Hapsburg.

The Nation's Navy. By Charles Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1898.

The reconstruction of the navy and the modernizing of its material have been accomplished in a period of fifteen years, and it is a source of just pride and satisfaction to know how completely and thoroughly this work has been done. Before that period our vessels were of the type of the era of the civil war, and the matériel of the navy, as it came into comparison with that of other navies, was a source of humiliation. It is to be regretted that the book under consideration, owing to its inaccuracies, falls short of being the useful handbook of the United States navy which it might otherwise have been.

It commences with an epitome of the history of the navy, from the first naval fight afloat in the waters near Machias, Me., during the Revolutionary war, to the destruction of the *Maine* in Havana harbor. This is compact and succinct, and, in its earlier portions, may be termed fairly accurate. When the history reaches a comparatively modern epoch, the errors become more frequent. A few only will be mentioned. In speaking of the Koszta affair (which, by the way, occurred not in 1854, as stated, but the year before), the author represents the Austrian vessel, the *Hussar*, as larger than the *St. Louis*. As a matter of fact, it was but a brig-of-war, while Ingraham in the *St. Louis* had the superior force. Naturally, it was not the disparity of force that troubled

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Ingraham, but the complications that might arise later. Again, the author is mistaken when he states that, in the Barrundia affair, the captain of the mail steamer *Acapulco* appealed to Commander Reiter, the senior naval officer present, for protection. No such appeal was made either by Capt. Pitts or by Barrundia. Pitts asked for instructions and advice from Mr. Mizner, the minister resident at Guatemala City in the interior, but made no request or appeal to Commander Reiter or any naval officer for protection. Without solicitation from either of these persons, Reiter suggested to the Minister at Guatemala the return of Barrundia, with the consent of the Guatemalan authorities, to Acapulco in the *Thetis*. This was not acceded to. No asylum was sought on board of the *Ranger* or *Thetis*, and hence there was no violation of the right of asylum. Barrundia was in a merchant vessel on his way to join the Salvadorian forces still at war with Guatemala, after an attempted rising in Northern Guatemala; a hostile proceeding emanating from Mexican soil, and which was brought to a close by Mexican authorities at the request of the United States.

The account of the *Itata* affair also contains many errors. The *Itata* did not at any time enter San Francisco Bay, while the Congressional insurgents did not gain the port of Valparaiso until long after the *Itata* affair. This vessel carried the Chilian flag as a merchantman, and, though under the control of the insurgents, she was not considered as in any way piratical; in fact, the instructions to our naval commander in the South Pacific with respect to the insurgent vessels took quite the contrary view, and yet the *Charleston* sought the *Itata* beyond our territorial waters, and, though she had been lost sight of, would doubtless have taken possession of her upon the high seas. This would have been in violation of international law, for even a seizure beyond the three-mile limit in violation of municipal law must be done as part of a pursuit commenced from this limit and while the vessel is *in flagrante delicto*. The surrender of the *Itata* at Iquique by the congressionalists was a matter of policy in the presence of a naval force, rather than a matter of right, as the subsequent release of the *Itata* showed.

Errors disfigure the descriptive portions of the book. The *Vesuvius* is called a dynamite-gun vessel when her explosive projectiles contain gun-cotton. The *Machias* is improperly classed with an incorrect tonnage. The possibility of the navigation of the Yellow River by a gunboat is probably known or surmised only by the author. The board of fortifications and harbor defence in 1886 was not of naval engineers, but of officers of the army and navy and representatives from civil life.

The book, after a thorough revision, may claim a place among works of reference, but until then its careless compilation seriously affects its utility.

Egypt in 1898. By G. W. Steevens. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898. Illustrated. Pp. x, 283.

This is a lively account, written in newspaper English, of a recent tour, in which considerable solid information is mixed up with much that is trivial. The sketches of the author's companions and of scenes, such as the coaling of the steamer at Port Said, or the ride across the desert, are excellent word pictures, which enable the reader vividly to realize what he saw and experienced. There is also a suggestive description of a school in Cairo, and of an interview with a "hostile" Pasha, which shows admirably the anti-English point of view of one of the governing class. The work of the English in introducing judicial reforms, in relieving the fellah from oppressive taxation, in extending and improving irrigation, is touched upon by Mr. Steevens, but so briefly and hastily that a somewhat confused and not altogether correct impression must be left upon the uninformed reader. He lays little stress, for instance, upon the revolution in the character of the peasant, who, under British leaders, is shaking off his century-long timidity and is becoming a self-confident and victorious soldier. In his epigrammatic way Mr. Steevens says that the one failure of the English rule is that it has not made a man of the Egyptian; he cannot yet bear responsibility. He seems to forget that more than sixteen years are needed to accomplish this; and he fails to point out clearly that the root of the evil lies in the fact, to use his own words, that "a Mussulman is never a boy. As soon as he leaves the harem—often already corrupted by the women—and is no longer a baby, he jumps at a bound to being a man." From a bright-eyed urchin of fourteen he becomes a "sallow, flashy, sodden, stupid, dissipated man about town." As long as the home is unreformed and the relations of man to woman are unchanged, England will remain in Egypt.

The least interesting chapters, in a book in which there is not a really dull page, are those descriptive of visits to the ruins of temples and tombs, but in them Mr. Steevens probably accurately pictures the impressions of the vast majority of tourists. On the Nile he was so fortunate as to meet a remarkable man, one better known in the country than even Lord Cromer, Mr. Thomas Cook, of whose personality and work he gives an entertaining account. An undue haste for publication has prevented the careful revision of the book and the elimination of passages evidently written originally to fill up space. This will prevent it from taking a place among works of permanent value, notwithstanding its many and obvious merits. The illustrations are from photographs, which were not always successful.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, A. Theories of the Will in the History of Philosophy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
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Baskerville, Prof. W. M. and Harrison, Prof. J. A. Anglo-Saxon Prose Reader. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.20.
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Bray, Prof. J. W. History of English Critical Terms. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.
Brooks, Noah. The Boys of Fairport. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
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Burnham, Clara L. A Great Love. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Busch, Moritz. Bismarck und Sein Werk. Leipzig: S. Hirzel; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Busch, Moritz. Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of his History. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. $10.00.
Carret, Alice de. Flames and Ashes. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25.
Cawein, Madison. Idyllic Monologues. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co.
Chamberlayn, C. G. The Vestry Book and Register of Bristol Parish, Va., 1720-1789. Richmond, P. O. Drawer 927: The Author. $5.00.
Chapman, J. J. Causes and Consequences. Scribners. $1.25.
Coale, Isaac, jr. The Sambo Book. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins Co.
Colquhoun, A. R. China in Transformation. Harpers. $3.
Cornish, F. W. Concise Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Henry Holt & Co. $4.00.
Croker, B. M. Peggy of the Bartons. New York: R. M. Fenno & Co. $1.25.
Cummings, St. James. Staves of the Triple Alliance. Charleston, S. C.: The Author. 50c.
Curme, Prof. G. O. Lessing's Nathan der Weise. Macmillan.
Dembitz, L. N. Jewish Services in Synagogue and Home. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Demolins, Edmond. Anglo-Saxon Superiority. Scribners. $1.50.
Dickens, Charles. A Child's History of England, with illustrations from photographs by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.
Edgerton, J. A. Voices of the Morning: Poems. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. 75c.
Egleston, Prof. Thomas. The Life of John Paterson, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army. 2d ed., revised and enlarged. Putnams. $3.50.
Eliot, Charles W. Educational Reform. The Century Co. $2.00.
Encyclopædia of Sport. Parts 16-18. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 each.
Farmer, J. E. The Grenadier. A Story of the Empire. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Fezandié, C. Through the Earth. The Century Co. $1.50.
Fiske, A. K. The Story of the Philippines. New York: The Army and Navy Illustrated.
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Gildersleeve's Latin Grammar. School ed. University Publishing Co.
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